"GOLDEN-EYES" AND HER HERO "BILL" OVER THERE

BY NELL BRINKLEY

The American Weekly
Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser and American, Sunday, November 3, 1918
Copyright, 1918, by Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Number SEVEN

"GOLDEN EYES," "Bill's" note between her heart and her stolen, lovely finery, beat her thoughts for a plan —her brain clouded with Anxiety, Terror standing at her shoulder through hours while she smiled upon the Hun. And the difficulty was that it be in "not *too* killing wise." .....After a dinner where wit and smiles and clumsy admiration and conceit sat at table with the rough guest, the-Sound-of-Guns, that roared, and clattered the thin French glasses, where beautiful, stolen French champagne seethed, blond and clear, Von Schwatzenburg—wicked brain and heart maddened with the golden bubbles, his eyes dim—only that they saw the golden hair and white hands and exquisite smile of "Golden-Eyes" across the narrow board—suddenly rose to his feet and wrenched the barrier of laden table away! And "Golden-Eyes" needed no plan! For the God of Love stood in the shadow and smiled behind one upheld finger. Even while "Bill's" sweetheart knew the fright of an iron embrace and the horror of a Hun-face close to hers, "Uncle Sam" lifted into the air, for the Captain's shoulders. Well—"Bill's" dog-pal nearly killed him! And the smiling God in the shadow tripped him on his own bronze spurs and smiled again when he fell and struck with his brutal cropped head on an empty champagne bottle, clutching at "Golden-Eyes'" knees, dragging the toppling golden star of a candlestick down with him, and lying at last, stunned, his hands a-froth with lace and roses, a guttering candle on his chest! "Golden-Eyes" stooped swiftly, ripped open his tunic and rose with his papers in her hand. Had "Bill" seen her, this strange girl who was his and yet not his, curving like a vampire above her fallen foe, he would scarcely have known her smile—a smile of fear, triumph and hate!

"Scribble on the papers, 'Bill's' girl, give me the word, and I'll be off to HIM. On my lithe, white, whipcord legs, with the good heart in my body to drive them on. Lively, 'Golden-Eyes!'" barked "Uncle Sam" with a pink ribbon of tongue unfurled!

"GOLDEN-EYES" AND HER HERO "BILL" OVER THERE

BY NELL BRINKLEY

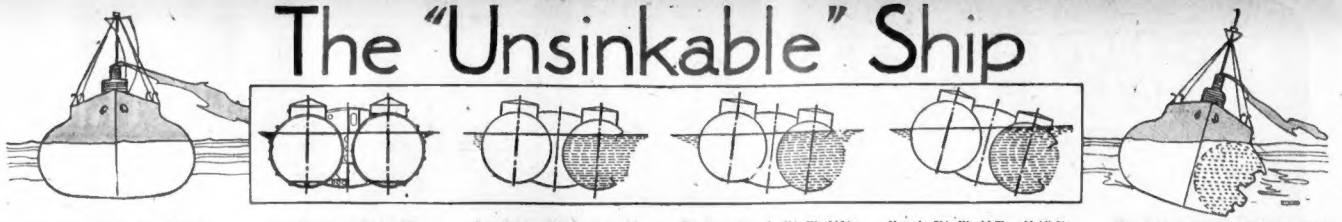
The American Weekly
Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser and American, Sunday, November 3, 1918
Copyright, 1918, by Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Number SEVEN

"GOLDEN EYES," "Bill's" note between her heart and her stolen, lovely finery, beat her thoughts for a plan—her brain clouded with Anxiety, Terror standing at her shoulder through hours while she smiled upon the Hun. And the difficulty was that it be in "not *too* killing wise." .....After a dinner where wit and smiles and clumsy admiration and conceit sat at table with the rough guest, the-Sound-of-Guns, that roared, and clattered the thin French glasses, where beautiful, stolen French champagne seethed, blond and clear, Von Schwatzenburg—wicked brain and heart maddened with the golden bubbles, his eyes dim—only that they saw the golden hair and white hands and exquisite smile of "Golden-Eyes" across the narrow board—suddenly rose to his feet and wrenched the barrier of laden table away! And "Golden-Eyes" needed no plan! For the God of Love stood in the shadow and smiled behind one upheld finger. Even while "Bill's" sweetheart knew the fright of an iron embrace and the horror of a Hun-face close to hers, "Uncle Sam" lifted into the air, for the Captain's shoulders. Well—"Bill's" dog-pal nearly killed him! And the smiling God in the shadow tripped him on his own bronze spurs and smiled again when he fell and struck with his brutal cropped head on an empty champagne bottle, clutching at "Golden-Eyes'" knees, dragging the toppling golden star of a candlestick down with him, and lying at last, stunned, his hands a-froth with lace and roses, a guttering candle on his chest! "Golden-Eyes" stooped swiftly, ripped open his tunic and rose with his papers in her hand. Had "Bill" seen her, this strange girl who was his and yet *not* his, curving like a vampire above her fallen foe, he would scarcely have known her smile—a smile of fear, triumph and hate!

"Scribble on the papers, 'Bill's' girl, give me the word, and I'll be off to HIM. On my lithe, white, whipcord legs, with the good heart in my body to drive them on. Lively, 'Golden-Eyes!'" barked "Uncle Sam" with a pink ribbon of tongue unfurled!

The "Unsinkable" Ship



French Naval Engineer Le Parmentier's Design for a Double-Hulled Ship with Six Separate Compartments in Each of the Two Parallel Hulls.

Cross-Section of Unsinkable Ship Loaded with Freight.

Cross-Section Showing List with Two Compartments in One Hull Flooded.

This Shows How the Ship Would List If Four of the Compartments on One Side Were Flooded with Water

How the Ship Would Float If All Six Compartments in One of the Hulls Should Be Flooded with Water.

(From Diagrams Printed in the Scientific American.)

How the Le Parmentier Unsinkable Double-Hulled Ship Would Continue to Float and Be Able to Pursue Her Journey Even If a Torpedo Had Torn Open All of the Six Compartments in One of the Double Hulls.

How the U-Boat Menace Has Stimulated Inventors to Design Steamships Which Are Almost Impossible to Sink

STRICTLY speaking, no ocean steamship can be "unsinkable." A reef of rocks and the hammering of wind and sea could pound to pieces anything which the ingenuity of man could construct.

But the menace of the submarines has turned the attention of naval designers to the problem of constructing what is practically an unsinkable freighter. French, Italian and American experts have each evolved a model which their respective Governments have adopted as worth a trial.

At the top of this page are diagrams showing the design of M. Le Parmentier, a distinguished French naval engineer. This unsinkable ship has really two separate hulls, joined together with the superstructures. These two separate parallel hulls each have six watertight compartments. Extensive experiments have shown that a torpedo might crash through every one of the six watertight compartments on one side of the ship and yet the ship would float with all six of these compartments filled with water. But to accomplish this it would be necessary to explode not less than three torpedoes against one side of one hull, each torpedo striking in such a position as to penetrate two compartments.

It has been demonstrated that even if such a thing happened the ship would still float at no very uncomfortable angle, and would be able to continue her way without damage to her engine room.

A New York Shipbuilding company is already at work upon the construction and equipment of five or six of these new steel cargo steamers for the French Government.

The United States Government has approved a design for an unsinkable ship which was worked out by Mr. Hudson Maxim, the famous inventor of smokeless powder and one of the leading world experts on high explosives. Mr. Maxim's ship is protected by a water-tight jacket which may be filled with fuel oil or with water. This structure is the water or oil barrier which is relied upon to save the ship from sinking in case it is penetrated by a torpedo or jagged rock.

Mr. Maxim has described his new invention in an article in Popular Science. A series of vertical steel cylinders are provided for carrying pulverized coal, and these cylinders are placed just inside the liquid barrier, connected with and forming an integral part of it. Through the centre of the cylinders is run a screen of steel rods welded to the walls of the cylinders.

In his descriptive article Mr. Maxim points out that the warhead of a German torpedo carries about 400 pounds of a very high explosive. When a ship is struck by a torpedo deep in the water there is a striking force of about 300,000 pounds per square inch. The pressure exerted by such an enormous blow is so great that often a ship is broken in two. What is wanted, Mr. Maxim explains, is a shock absorber.

"I find," writes Mr. Maxim in Popular Science, "that pulverized coal, on account of its compressability and elasticity, is a very effectual shock absorber. As pulverized coal may be used for driving the ship, I have chosen it as the main shock absorber. The idea has been offered to the United States Government free of charge during the war.

"When a torpedo strikes a ship constructed according to my plan the hot, rapidly expanding gases first encounter a barrier of water or oil in the hull, then a stout screen of round steel rods, and lastly a series of vertical steel cylinders in which powdered coal is carried. Since it is essential that the gases should be allowed to expand without bursting the ship's compartments, I provide free upward vents through the ship's deck.

"If such a ship should be struck by a torpedo the water or oil of the barrier in the path of the blast will be driven forward through the steel screen, commingling its spray with the hot gases, with the result that the heat of the gases will be instantly absorbed by the spray and their volume reduced. It is safe to assume, I think, that the volume of gases will be reduced at least three-quarters.

"The result of the explosion of a torpedo-warhead against this structure will be to smash a hole through the hull wall, carrying forward a large mass of the water or oil of the barrier and hurling the liquid upon and through the first steel screen, bending the screen somewhat.

"The outer wall of the powdered coal cylinders in the path of the blast will be disrupted, and the liquid spray and powdered coal will be carried along together and hurled against the strong screen centrally located in the cylinders; the gases of the explosion and liquid spray and the pulverized coal will be commingled.

"Although even this strong steel screen should yield or bend somewhat under the blast, it will not be entirely carried away or broken through.

"By that time the gases will be vented upward through the top of the cylinders into the atmosphere; the energy of the blast will be so absorbed and dissipated that the inboard wall of the cylinders—that is to say, the bulkhead constituted by the inner wall of the cylinders—will be entirely uninjured and cannot be broken through. Consequently, the only amount of water that can enter the ship will be that which will fill the space between the transverse bulkheads and the inner wall of the cylinders.

"The use of pulverized coal on shore has long passed the experimental stage, and it is admirably adapted to use on board ship. It will save 20 per cent of the coal consumption, besides producing no smoke. Means have already been developed and perfected by which pulverized coal may be piped from the cylinders to any portion of the ship by air pressure as freely and effectually as oil is piped."

The Italian Government has adopted a design worked out by Naval Constructor Umberto Pugliese, which differs radically from the design of the French naval engineer, Le Parmentier, and from Mr. Maxim's design.

The Pugliese unsinkable freighter has a swelling under water on each side of the ship. In this outer hull is carried the coarser cargoes, like coal, ore, grain, salt, etc. If the torpedo strikes and explodes against or into this outer shell of the vessel the force of the explosion is taken up without damage to the inner hull of the ship, which is protected by strong watertight bulkheads.

Describing this invention, the Scientific American says:

"If the torpedo be adjusted to run nearer the surface—say at a depth of five feet—its explosive violence would be greatly sapped by the shallower stratum of water lying above the weapon. In other words, the damping effect of the superposed water would be cut down nearly two-thirds, and the destructive gases would find a correspondingly easier path of dissipation upward instead of horizontally and inward upon the body of the ship.

"Engineer Pugliese counts upon the character of the bulk cargo to absorb the shock and to lower rapidly the temperature of the rending gases, and then by suitable vents through the two decks above to open further channels of escape. It will be noticed that there is no double bottom under the outboard cargo compartments at the points where mines would be most likely to hit. The freight stowed there would, if displaced by the blast, be more freely lifted than disturbed laterally, and upon this assumption the superheated gases would find their line of least resistance upward and through the large deck vents, which, in fact, are designed to serve as loading hatches.

"It will also be observed that the outboard stowage of freight is carried up to the main deck, and this disposition of the bulk cargo provides a potentially effective bulwark against shell attack from the guns of a submarine operating upon the surface. Likewise, the complete athwartships stowage of cargo forward and abaft of the vital area furnishes what is calculated to be a shield against a raking fore-and-aft fire.

"Should, however, either the torpedo or the mine have force enough to spread its destructive work horizontally and athwartships, then the gases will meet a triple defense in the form of three parallel bulkheads, together providing two air spaces having a total width of substantially 53 inches. Inside of this barrier are placed the vitals in the shape of boilers, engines and stores."

It was early in the present year that the first government effort was made to produces an unsinkable ocean freight ship. It was decided to try out plans which had been approved by the Naval Consulting Board, and which had been submitted by Mr. William T. Donnelly.

Mr. Donnelly's scheme did not call for special construction, but was aimed to fit freight ships of all styles and models which had been already built and were plying the ocean. It was not an attempt to build new ships along any new line of construction. The Government picked out a 10,000-ton steam freighter called the Lucia for the experiment.

This ship already had six watertight bulkheads dividing her five cargo compartments, boiler room, engine room and a collision compartment in the forward part of the ship. The scheme was to build an enormous number of little watertight and airtight wooden boxes and scatter them throughout the ship. If enough of these little wooden life preservers were stowed around in the vessel to keep her afloat after an exploded torpedo had let the water into the hull—then, behold, the unsinkable ship had been produced! It seemed to be a sound scheme.

Describing this plan of Mr. Donnelly's, the Scientific American explained the technical figures as follows:

"In her normal condition the Lucia can carry 10,000 tons of coal, but with the boxes installed she carries 8,300 tons. The total hold capacity of the ship is 508,000 cubic feet when she is provided with a sufficient number of flotation units to protect her against sinking. Of this 152,000 cubic feet will be taken up by the flotation units, and the balance of 356,000 cubic feet at 43 cubic feet per ton will be occupied by the load of 8,300 tons of coal.

"The flotation units are made in three sizes—the smallest is 12 inches deep by 25 inches wide and 3 feet, 1¾ inches long; the next is 18 inches deep by 27 inches wide and 5 feet, 9 inches long; the third, and largest, is 30 inches deep by 30 inches wide by 6 feet, 2 inches long.

"All the boxes are made of ¾-inch North Carolina pine, and the details of construction are shown clearly in the accompanying sectional perspective view. Two interior transverse bulkheads are provided in each box, and all boxes are covered with galvanized metal to render them watertight. The various units are constructed to withstand pressures corresponding to 10, 20 and 30 feet of water, according to their location in the ship.

The method of stowing the boxes is shown in a perspective view of one of the decks. It will be noticed that they are stowed in between the frames of the hull and between the deck beams on the under side of the decks. The boxes are held in their respective positions by means of battens and threaded bolts, the latter being hooked into the frames and deck beams, and the whole system being brought up snugly into position by means of washers and nuts on the outside of the battens.

"To render a ship unsinkable, three separate conditions are to be considered. First, when she is unloaded; second, when she is loaded with a mixed cargo, and third when she is loaded with a dense, heavy cargo, such as a cargo of coal. For the first condition, reserve buoyancy sufficient to make the ship unsinkable when she is unloaded, is attained by fitting a single layer of flotation units between the frames and deck beams and against the watertight transverse bulkheads. Cargo reserve buoyancy is determined by the nature of the cargo itself and the cubical area occupied.

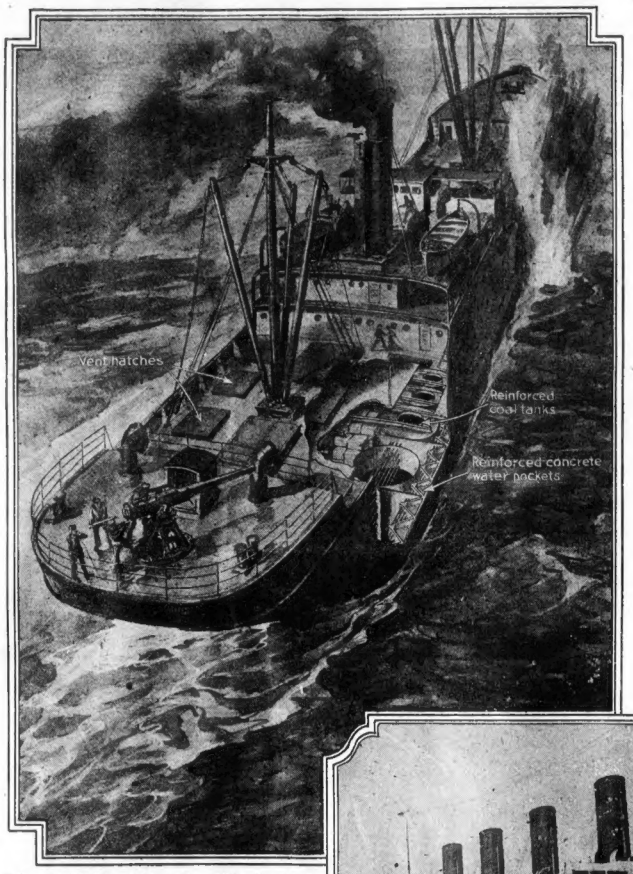
"For instance, in the case of a 5,000-ton ship, 56 cubic feet is allowed per ton, making a total for that ship of about 280,000 cubic feet. The reserve buoyancy units necessary to float the ship when it is unloaded equals about 10 per cent of this tonnage, or 500 tons, leaving a net tonnage of 4,500 tons or 252,000 cubic feet. A coal cargo requires 43 cubic feet of space per ton, which on the net tonnage of 4,500 tons amounts to 193,500 cubic feet.

This is deducted from the total net cubic feet and leaves reserve space of 58,500 cubic feet for reserve buoyancy units to float the dead-weight cargo. It is claimed by the sponsor for this system that the loss of cargo space in a ship that is self-salvaging is more than offset by the salvaging of the cargo and of the ship itself."

The Lucia was finally outfitted with the little watertight life preservers according to Mr. Donnelly's plans, as approved by the United States Naval Consulting Board. The ship was loaded and sent into the submarine zone with great expectations.

But a brief cablegram of October 19 announces that this unsinkable ship, the Lucia, was torpedoed and sunk! Naval architects and government officials are awaiting with great interest to hear the details of just what happened to the "unsinkable" Lucia to see whether a lesson is to be learned from her disappointing fate. Why did Mr. Donnelly's scheme go wrong?

The war will have conferred at least one blessing if ship builders learn to construct ocean liners that will be reasonably "unsinkable."



Hudson Maxim's Torpedo-Proof Ship, Which the United States Shipping Board Is Now Building. (From Drawing Made for Popular Science Monthly.)

Mr. Hudson Maxim's New Design for a Torpedo Proof Freight Ship Which the United States Shipping Board Is Building.

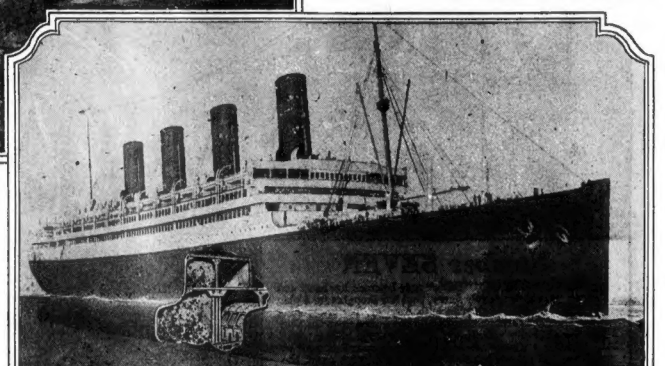


Diagram View of Pugliese's Double-Hulled Unsinkable Ship, Showing Cargo Spaces.

Unsinkable Cargo Ship Designed by Italian Naval Constructor Pugliese

This Ship Was Constructed with Two Hulls. The Outer Hull Carries the Coarse Bulk Cargoes Like Coal or Wheat. The Inner Hull Carries the More Valuable Freight and Is Enclosed by Waterproof Bulkheads. If the Torpedo Strikes and Explodes in the Outside Cargo the Ship Would Still Float and the Cargo and Machinery in the Inner Hull Would Be Safe.

Copyright, 1918, by Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

HOW SHE SAVED THE AMMUNITION TRAIN

For Half an Hour Brave Stella Vensel Barricaded in Her Lonely Telegraph Tower at Mt. Braddock, Pa., Fought Off Three Armed Bandits, Wiring for Help as They Shot at Her Until the Relief Train Came

AT midnight Miss Stella Vensel, the night operator of the "HY" tower on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Mount Braddock, near Uniontown, Pa., heard voices near the track.

It was dark and lonely. The operator knew that no one had any legitimate business in that place at that hour. The country was full of rough and strange men since war work had brought new activities into the country. The situation was, therefore, a dangerous one for a woman, or even a man left in charge of railroad property and the lives and safety of others.

That night turned out to be an ordeal of terror and danger for Stella Vensel, in which she showed herself a true heroine not less worthy of admiration than those who risk their lives on a battlefield. She faced every danger with unflinching courage and came out of every difficulty triumphantly.

Fortunately she was well prepared for trouble, for she carried two revolvers and a strong electric flashlight.

Peering into the darkness she made out three men around a telephone booth across the track, about thirty feet from the signal tower.

She flashed her electric lamp at them and saw that they were disconnecting the telephone wires.

"Hey, you men, get away from there, quick!" she called in a fearless voice.

Without a moment's hesitation one of the band fired a shot at her that smashed one of the tower windows and whistled past her ear.

"Move a finger and we'll kill you," called back one of the men, in a German accent.

Perhaps the shot was only meant to scare her. Certainly it didn't have that effect. She replied with a volley from her own revolver aimed at the telephone booth across the track.

"Run, while you are still alive, you curs!" cried the woman operator.

Then seeing that she was faced by superior numbers, she retreated quickly and ran up the steps into her tower.

The men now proved that they were criminals of no common type, but desperate bandits determined to stop short of no crime in their work and ready to face every danger themselves. Finding that they had only one woman to deal with, though she was well armed and courageous, they planned to rush her tower and kill her, even if one of them got killed in the attempt.

In a second the three of them were at the foot of her tower, so close beneath her window that it was harder for her to aim at them than when they were further away.

At the base of the tower is a wooden landing. From this a flight of steep steps leads up to the door which gives admission to the tower.

From the bottom of the tower the bandits fired a shower of bullets at the window, expecting to kill or disable the girl. By keeping away from the window she escaped death. Many of the bullets that entered the window struck the roof.

In another second Miss Vensel knew that the murderous rush up the steps would come.

Alone, with not a soul within call, without a moment to spend in signalling for help, she determined to foil the three would-be murderers.

Her bosom heaving defiantly, her keen, strong young face set with resolution, her lithe figure vibrant with energy, Stella Vensel summoned all her wits to meet the peril.

First she dragged a heavy desk up against the door, so as to make a barricade against any attempt to break in. Then she placed chairs and all the other furniture so that they would brace the desk and serve as obstacles to anybody entering.

Even as she did this she heard the rush of footsteps up the steps. Fortunately it would be impossible for them to reach the windows from the flight. She had, therefore, only to think of the door.

Quickly she reloaded the revolver she had already emptied. Then she placed her flashlight on the windowsill so that she could observe what was happening outside.

Crash! came a heavy body against the door outside. The defences placed within by Miss Vensel held good. Aiming calmly, she fired once through each panel of the door, judging that she would have a good chance of hitting one or more of the men in that way.

As she could not see the man or men outside, it was not surprising that she did not hit any of them. But her action had the effect of convincing them that the other side of the door was not a safe place. She heard a shuffling noise outside. Her assailants were crawling on all fours to avoid being shot through the door.

She heard the shuffling pass down the stairs. Then for a few moments there was silence. Stella ventured to peer out of her window and caught a glimpse of the men at the bottom of the tower.

She fired again at them, sending five shots from one revolver. She had now fired ten shots. Sheltering themselves behind a wooden fence and the corner of the tower, the bandits fired again and again at her window.

"Lie still and don't move a hand or we will come back later and kill you!", was the command one of them yelled up at her window.

Then, peering over the edge of her window sill, Stella saw them move away from her tower. They had decided that they would not be able to carry out the crime they had come there to commit if they spent any more time fighting the brave tower operator.

Stella Vensel had then won the first part of her battle. She had driven the bandits from her tower.

But what was the object of these desperate criminals, for which they risked their own lives so recklessly? At first she thought they had come to attack her, but their actions quickly made her change her mind.

Kneeling on the floor and peering over the window sill, she saw them still at work on the track a short distance to the north of the tower. She heard the thud of ties rolling on the track and in a flash she knew that train wrecking was their object. In a few minutes a fast freight train was due carrying ammunition for the armies in Europe.

Stella Vensel turned to her table, threw open all the wires and repeatedly flashed:

"Train wreckers! Rush help!"

These words flew over all the southwestern system of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. For a moment, which seemed like hours to Stella Vensel, there was silence.

Then came dots and dashes which meant: "Hold on! Help coming!" These messages came from several operators including one only a few miles away.

The bandits were going on with their work, confident perhaps that they had scared the brave girl into helplessness. She lighted her flash and peered out in the darkness again. She could see that they had just placed two more ties crosswise on the track. They had now built a formidable barrier which would certainly wreck the train.

A shot from the bandits struck the frame of the window. Stella Vensel extinguished her lamp.

How many men might be wrecked on the approaching train! What munitions of essential importance to our armies might be lost!

These thoughts flashed through the mind of the devoted and conscientious girl.

Why had not the fusillade of shots brought help before this?

For a moment the thought that she ought to go out and try to drive the bandits away passed through her mind. But then she realized that to face those three desperate and well-armed bandits behind their barricade of ties would mean a certain death. From time to time a bullet striking her tower reminded her that they were watching her.

She lighted the red light in the tower as a danger signal. This seems to have been unseen by the bandits, as they did not shoot at it.

Then she continued to send out calls for help over the wire in order that there might be no doubt about the desperateness of her position.

In just half an hour from the time she first discovered the men she saw the dim lights of a train approaching. Was it the freight train rolling on to destruction? Was it the relief train bringing an armed crew prepared to attack the bandits?

As the train came nearer her practised ear told her that it was the relief train. It was lighter and rolled more gently than the freight train would have done. Moreover, it was ahead of the freight train.

On came the relief train, running slowly and quietly. The bandits were still piling up ties on the track when it came to a stop within a hundred yards of them. Either they had not see the train or they believed it was their destined victim, for they did not start to run until it had stopped.

The relief crew, all picked men trained to deal with the most desperate emergencies and heavily armed, jumped out and started on the run for the bandits. In an instant these criminals realized that they had been beaten by the brave girl operator. They turned and ran for the woods in their rear. The train crew pursued them for a short distance, firing many shots after them, but in the thick woods and the darkness they were easily able to get away.

In a few moments more the crew had cleared away the obstructions on the track.

When these essential things had been done the next thought of the rescuers was naturally to look after the girl who had sent the alarm. They expected to find a nerve-shattered girl in the lonely "HY" tower. They were amazed and agreeably disappointed.

The chief of the crew turned toward the tower, and there at the top of the steps stood the slim figure of a girl, calm, brave and self-reliant.

"Is everything all right? Shall I report the track clear?" asked Miss Vensel in a business like voice.

"Yes, certainly, but can't we do something for you?" said the chief.

"Oh, I'm all right now," said Miss Vansel.

The trainmen looked about and saw the shattered windows, the bullet holes in the door and the side of the tower. They appreciated the ordeal through which the brave girl had passed.

The "S O S" calls she had sent out brought assistance later from several points. One train with a crew and officials arrived from Greensburg, forty miles away.

County officials were notified and began a search of the surrounding country for the criminals. The probability of catching them in the darkness and the woods seemed slender. From what Miss Vensel had seen of them, she could only say that they were shabbily dressed and wore caps.

In the locality it is generally believed that the men were lying in wait to wreck an ammunition train. Uniontown is one of the great centres of war munitions industries. It is also probable that the bandits had information that a car carrying a great amount of pay for war munitions workers was coming.

The railroad officials sent out orders for a relief operator to take Miss Vensel's place for the remainder of the night. Hearing the order going over the wire, she protested against it and declared that she was quite fit to do her work. The order was countermanded at her request and she finished her night's work, handling the train directions and all orders in her usual expert manner. Then she made her report to the railroad company and walked to her home.

It was suggested that a guard be furnished for the tower on the following day.

"I don't consider it necessary," said Miss Vensel. "I feel sure that no robbers will be back here for a long time."

When she was asked about her experiences later, Miss Vensel said:

"When I first saw those men prowling about I thought they might be after me. This is a pretty lonely spot for a woman. But another second's thought showed me that they were train wreckers.

"I was brought up to fear no one, and I have never forgotten my father's training. When the bullets began to fly thick and fast, scattering glass and sending splinters right and left, I began to feel a little bit creepy, but then I got what my father called 'second nerve,' and I went through with it all right. If the men had broken into my tower after my ammunition was exhausted I intended to use the butt of my revolver on their heads.

"I said to myself, 'Don't be frightened. They must be a lot of cowards to attack a lonely, unprotected woman.' And I was right. Anyhow, I was brought up where bullets flew thick and fast, and I knew that they miss you oftener than they hit."

This last remark led to an inquiry about her early life.

"My father had Mexican blood and my mother Indian and I was brought up on the frontier," explained Miss Vensel. "I was born in the United States near the Mexican border and learned telegraphy from a railroad operator when I was a young girl. I worked for a time in Southwestern offices, and hold-ups and shooting affairs were quite common in those parts. I had many exciting experiences and was always able to hold my own.

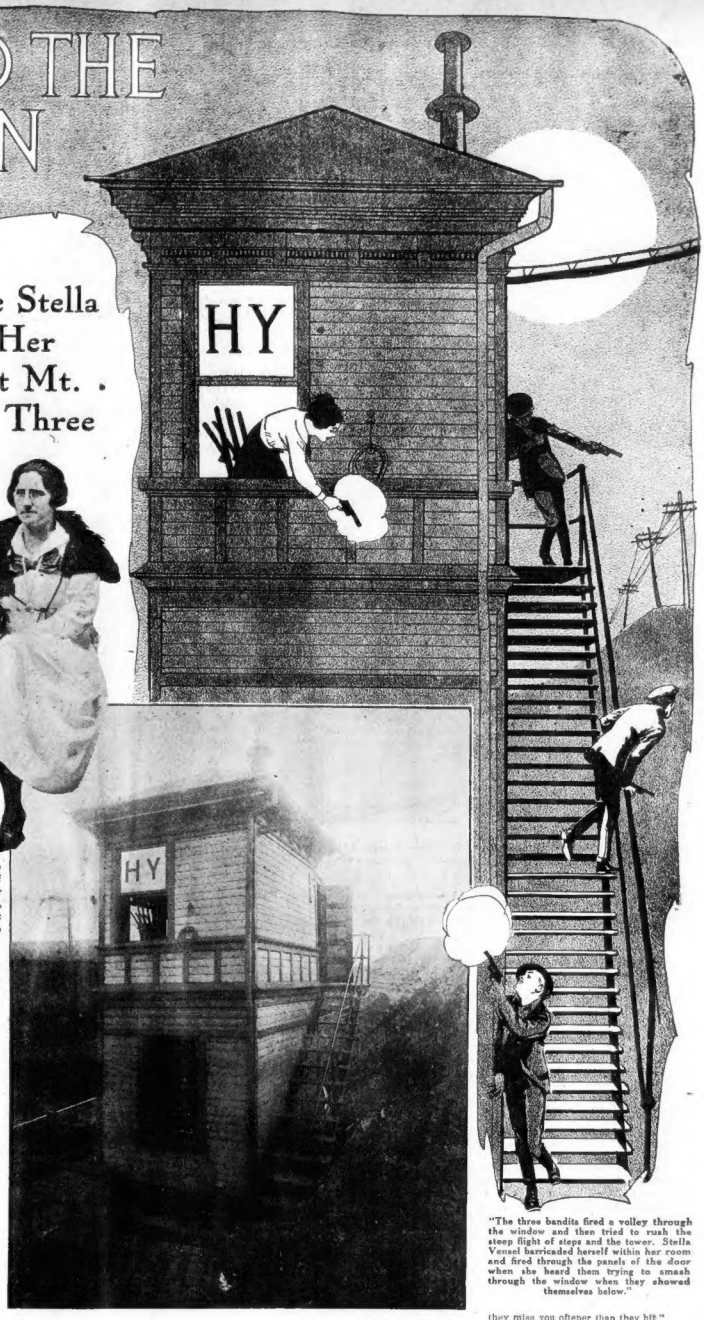
"I wanted to see the East, and so I worked my way here. I have been with the Pennsylvania road for five years."

Hilda Vensel is an attractive, interesting and unusual girl to look at. She is lithe and graceful. Her mother's Indian blood shows in her jet-black, straight, glossy hair and dark complexion. She has a high, intelligent forehead, and there is nothing of the wild woman in her appearance. Her business associates like her and say that she is good-tempered.

And now, perhaps, some young man would like to win a brave, capable little wife, well able to defend the home? Don't go too fast. "Miss Stella Vensel" is already the bride of a soldier boy fighting in France. They were married on the Fourth of July and were not able to start housekeeping before he was sent away. So she prefers to be known as "Miss Stella Vensel" until she can have a home of her own. Her husband is C. H. Mink.

"I am so proud of that boy, and only wish I could be at his side helping him beat the Kaiser," were brave Stella Vensel's parting words.

Stella Vensel, the Night Operator of the "HY" Tower at Mt. Braddock, Pa., Who Fought the Brave Battle Against Bandits.



The "HY" Tower on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Mt. Braddock, Pa., Showing the Room in Which Miss Vensel Barricaded Herself, the Steps Up Which the Bandits Rushed and the Window Through Which the Woman and Her Assailants Fired at One Another.

"The three bandits fired a volley through the window and then tried to rush the steep flight of steps and the tower. Stella Vensel barricaded herself within her room and fired through the panels of the door when she heard them trying to smash through the window when they showed themselves below."

Copyright, 1918, by Star Company.
Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Germany's Punishment After the War Ends

REMEMBER!
THIS HUN
WHO BOMBED,
BURNED and PILLAGED
and THIS COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER
WHO CALLS FOR YOUR ORDERS
WANTS TO SELL HIS WARES
and wants to settle once
more in our midst
ARE ONE AND THE SAME MAN
NEVER FORGET IT!
When the war is over we shall make it
our business to let you know who it is
"MADE IN GERMANY"
Office, 167, Rue Montmartre, PARIS.

Will President Wilson's Suggested League of Nations, with Power to Boycott "as a Means of Discipline," Add to the Penalties That Already Are Certain?

The German U-Boat Captain, Who Sank the "Lusitania," Captain-Lieutenant Schweiger.

This German Officer at Least Will Escape Punishment for He Has Been Drowned with All His Pirate Crew.

"Homeless Slaves." By Lucien Jonas.

"Let Us Never Forget." By T. Corbella. Edith Cavell. Killed October 11, 1915.

This Poster Is Circulated by the French "Never Forget League"—Millions of French, English and American Men and Women Have Pledged Themselves Not to Forget That the German Salesman and Agent Who Can Do Business After the War Is THE SAME MAN Who Tortured Women and Children, Killed the Wounded and Destroyed Everything He Could Not Steal.

THE world war is about to end and we are almost face to face with the great question as to what shall be the punishment of the criminals who brought on the war—and also of the soldiers who actually performed the acts of inhuman cruelties and the men and women of Germany who stayed at home and helped and encouraged and approved the long list of outrages which have made Germany an outlaw nation.

President Wilson in his recent Liberty Loan address in New York suggested "the power of economic penalty by exclusion from the markets of the world may be vested in the League of Nations itself as a means of discipline and control." This very interesting proposal would make the League of Nations a police force to administer punishment—to decide on the penalty and to see that it is enforced.

Just what is going to be the punishment of Emperor William and his sons and military chiefs is a matter in which the representatives of Belgium and Serbia and France ought to be allowed a voice?

To be sent into exile, as Napoleon was, would be as mild a punishment, perhaps, as any that could be administered. Perhaps the League of Nations will decide that there is no good reason why royal criminals should not be held to the same accountability as humble criminals—tried, convicted and executed.

President Wilson's League of Nations, as suggested in his Metropolitan Opera House speech, has not yet been formed. The war may end very suddenly and before Mr. Wilson's idea can be made an accomplished fact. But, nevertheless, Germany will not escape her punishments. That much is already certain.

Whether or not a League of Nations officially condemns Germany to exclusion from their markets, the individuals of these nations have already seen to it that an economic boycott shall be one of Germany's penalties.

And if the outraged and indignant citizens of the civilized world had not already taken this matter in hand Germany's economic and commercial punishment would have and now has been largely settled by the natural business consequences of the war—we have found out that we do not need the products of Germany!

In the first year of the war we were in great need of dyes, chemicals, drugs, china, porcelains and a long list of things Germany had specialized on, and her factories held the world's trade. But we have learned to make all these things. Germany's market has been lost. Her capitalists who invested in these industries and her workers who worked in them will be punished by the loss of these great industries.

Here are two figures in the dye stuff industry alone which are of startling significance to Germany. The United States official reports for the fiscal years ending in June for aniline dyes are:

Imports, 1914 ..... $7,241,408
Exports, 1918 7,296,080

This means that the year before the war the United States bought from Germany more than $7,000,000 worth of dyes. Last year we not only had learned to make all the dyes we use ourselves, but had reached out around the world into other markets and had exported and sold more than $7,000,000 worth. Germany has lost $14,000,000 a year in the dye industry alone—the $7,000,000 worth we have learned to make for our own needs and the $7,000,000 of other foreign trade we now supply instead of Germany.

The punishment which has come to Germany in the aniline industry came not by the penalty inflicted by the act of any hostile government, or league of Nations, or boycott by individuals. It is one of a thousand similar natural consequences and punishments which Germany cannot escape.

A glance at Germany's economic position in the world will show how little could she afford to risk the loss of her markets and especially the shutting out from her factories the raw materials of the world.

Next to agriculture, textiles are the most important German industry. Cotton, apart from the limited supplies in Turkestan, comes from the United States, India and Egypt. Most of her wool came from Australia and South Africa. Half her silk came from Italy, and France supplied most of the remainder.

Her metal industries are not much better provided for. Germany had contrived to obtain financial control of a great part of the world's metal supplies, but that power has now been taken from her irrevocably. Nearly all her lead came from Australia, where legislation has since freed the industry from Germany's grip. Half her zinc supplies likewise came from Australia. Her tin came from Bolivia, which has acted in sympathy with the United States all through the war. Germany's copper nearly all came from the United States, and the other sources of supply are not likely to be friendly to her. For aluminum she depended on French bauxite.

Among other metals and substances indispensable to her trade, nickel is controlled by Canada and France, molybdenum and tungsten come mainly from Australia, and asbestos, borat, shellac and gums are in the hands of the Allies. Jute came to Germany only from India; and the only neutral source of rubber now open to her is the Dutch colonies, which can not adequately supply her needs. German economists are under no illusion whatever as to their hopeless situation.

Before the war Germany controlled the most important supplies of potash, dyes, drugs and surgical instruments, sugar, and (for France) coal. She has lost her markets for every one of these "indispensable" commodities. The Allies have healed their wounded for four years without German aid. New sugar industries have grown up that can already supply the entire demand on which Germany formerly could count. And France has now formed all her connections for coal with England.

Potash is a question of Alsace-Lorraine and those stolen provinces must be restored to France. In any case, the supply of potash mainly concerns the United States, and potash has been lately discovered in Nebraska. The German monopoly of dyes was purely artificial, and depended on certain trade secrets which have since been discovered, and on the powerful organization of the industry. Since then the new dyes industry has been firmly established, and is capable of immense expansion, whereas the Germans in 1913, as in all their exporting industries, have lost every connection they had with foreign markets.

For more than twenty years German interests have been steadily and stealthily establishing business relations in all sections of the United States. Factories, factory sites, steamship piers and a thousand vitally important business investments have been patiently built up. All this structure has been swept away by the seizure and sale of these precious holdings by the American Government under the alien property law.

In New York Harbor, for instance, steamship piers are of priceless value, for there is not enough dock room to accommodate the ocean trade of the port. By years of patience and at great expense the German Lloyd and Hamburg-American steamships had at last established themselves on a long row of admirably located piers. These have been seized and sold and have passed into the hands of rivals never to return to Germany's service. This is a loss which cannot be replaced—it is one of the natural punishments of the war Germany cannot escape.

The economic punishment of Germany is already thoroughly assured whether President Wilson's proposed League of Nations decrees it or not. For years and years to come grinding poverty, hard times and staggering taxes are assured for the nation which cheered the sinking of the Lusitania and applauded the inhumanities of German warfare. Whether the governments of the Allies officially approve or disapprove the boycott of everything German will make no difference—the individual men and women of France, England and America will have nothing to do with anything made in Germany.

But that is not all. The German himself will be boycotted—the individual German and his business agents and his banks will be given the cold shoulder. Mr. A. Barton Hepburn, chairman of the Advisory Committee of the Chase National Bank, and one of New York's leading financial men, in a recent article wrote:

"It looks as though her relations with the outside world would be practically on a cash basis for some time after the war.

"Is her credit good, and that of her citizens and corporate industries? She cannot make a move in foreign trade, as we have shown, without credit in countries where she gets raw materials. In the last year in which statistics are available, it appears that 58 per cent of Germany's imports were industrial raw materials, and partly manufactured goods. In other words, $1,450,000,000 worth of goods were imported for use in her manufacturing establishments. Only 17 per cent of her imports were from middle Europe. The balance came from countries that cannot afford to extend credit, or whose animus will probably prevent their extending credit after the war. Could such credit be safely extended to German individuals and firms?

"An application of the established principles of credit would conclude that all things in Germany are involved in grave doubt. Any individual or corporation known to have large credits in Germany would likely have impaired credit at home." Any concern specializing in goods made in Germany might not be boycotted, but they would probably encounter a silent avoidance inimical to their success. For generations we shall pay taxes made in Germany, and so long as we remember the loved ones maimed or killed by Germans we shall hesitate to purchase German goods."

And what is true in the future relations of Germany with the United States is true in France and England and Italy. In France the "Never Forget" society with a membership of nearly the entire nation will endeavor to see that Germany's punishment is made severe and enduring. On this page is reproduced one of the posters of the French "Never Forget" society, which are spread all over France. In Great Britain and in Italy and in South America similar campaigns are being vigorously maintained.

Recently in Paris has been formed an International Committee for the purpose of uniting all anti-German societies for cooperation all over the world. This committee has branches in Africa, Australia, South America, Spain, Japan, Canada and India.

Besides the punishment which ought to be visited personally on the Kaiser and his lieutenants and the inevitable poverty and economic hardships which rich and poor in Germany cannot escape—besides this there are several things to be settled.

The coal mines of France were purposely dynamited and flooded and all machinery smashed. It has been suggested that German prisoners be held in France to repair these damages and work the mines.

All over northern France millions of unexploded shells are burned in the fields. It has been proposed that German prisoners be held in France to plow these dangerous fields.

It will take hundreds of thousands of laborers to clear up the wreckage of war in Belgium and France. And it will take years to do it. It has been urged that German labor should be made to do this work at Germany's expense.

While the ruined coal mines of France are being reclaimed the former annual French tonnage of coal should be mined by Germans in German mines, and sent to France.

While the ruined fields of France and Belgium are being reclaimed the produce of an equal acreage in Germany should be sent to France and Belgium.

One of the important executives of the anti-German societies has declared that Germany must be made to pay back to the Allies what the war has cost them. To do this all of Germany's own debts must be repudiated and bonds must be issued to the amount of two hundred billion dollars, these bonds to be secured by Germany's gold reserve, all the jewelry of the empire and a mortgage on the Kaiser's palaces and estates and the public parks of Berlin and other important cities. Thus, indeed, would be impressed on the German people for years to come a constant realization of the enormity of what they have done and they would be enabled to make some atonement for it.

The Prince of Darkness—*From London "Bystander"*

Copyright, 1918, by Star Company.
Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Did God Demand A Sacrifice From Queen Marie?

How the Gentle Queen, of Rumania, Chastened by the Tragic Death of Her Little Boy, Has Become One of the Noblest Figures the War Has Developed

Queen Marie Bows to God's Will

By Marie, Queen of Rumania

"Perhaps it was so that some vital part of my being should remain in our capital even after our retreat! I was destined to leave my youngest there beneath the cold slabs of the church.

"Did perchance God tear him from us as a sign that all this sorrow, all this sacrifice, is but a passing horror, that because Mircea lies there awaiting my return, that surely, surely, I must come back?

"When he died the popular belief was that the Heavens had claimed from me a sacrifice, that God had taken my child from me that in his perfect innocence he should plead for the country he was destined to quit so soon!

"So let it be! For I believe in the day of return, I believe in the hour of victory, I believe that the blood of our heroes has not been shed in vain"

THE touching, mystical thought is expressed by Queen Marie of Rumania that God may have required the sacrifice of her youngest child that he might plead for his stricken country.

Before the war the world had known Queen Marie as a brilliant, beautiful woman, somewhat addicted to extravagance and romance. Now she is revealed as a heroine not surpassed by any woman in the war, one who has made the supreme sacrifice of her child, has endured every hardship with her soldiers, has nursed them untiringly and has encouraged them to resist the Germans to the end.

At any moment Rumania may again resume her place as a free nation with the help of the Allies. When she does it will be largely due to the heroism and determination of Queen Marie, who has kept up the courage and morale of the people in their dreadful trials.

The world is only beginning to learn of the extraordinary perils through which Queen Marie has passed. When the Germans under Mackensen overran the western half of Rumania in 1917 she was obliged to flee from her palace, to sleep by the roadside, to go without food often and to hide from German Uhlan patrols.

And all this she was forced to do when she had just buried her beloved youngest child, dead from typhus fever caught in the war. This little boy, Prince Mircea, was only four years old when the German blow fell on Bucharest. The city was filled with soldiers and peasants fleeing in disorder and often infected with typhus. The disease reached the royal palace and attacked the little Prince and many of the household.

While the Queen was at the bedside of her dying child German aviators were scattering bombs over Bucharest, wrecking churches, hospitals and palaces indiscriminately.

The Queen has given us a wonderful glimpse of this tragedy in her own words in a chapter she has written for "Rumania Yesterday and To-day," by Mrs. Will Gordon, an English woman who was in Rumania during the war. Telling of her heart rending experience when she was driven from Bucharest Queen Marie writes:

"O Bucharest, I left thee without a word of farewell, I who have so often been acclaimed in thy streets! I was told that I must steal away from thee in silence, show no sorrow, say no good-by, betraying no emotion so as to awaken no panic in the hearts of those who were to stay!

"Like a traitor did I feel, like a coward, to leave thee thus to thy fate! To go away, to know naught of thy sorrow to leave thee, unprotected, to those who soon would suck thy heart's blood. . . .

"Yes, I left thee—and from one, one only, did I take leave! But that one was so small and so silent that never will he relate what his mother said to him in that hour before her flight!

"It was evening—the shadows were already stealing into the church, and with them I slipped into the sanctuary where a heap of white flowers spread a mystic light. And there, beside that grave but so recently closed, I tore from me the mask that all day I had worn, and cried out my pain to the little one lying beneath the stones. . . .

"Perhaps it was so that some vital part of my being should remain in our capital even after our retreat that I was destined to leave my youngest there beneath the cold slabs of the church. Did perchance God tear him from us as a sign that all this sorrow, all this sacrifice, is but a passing horror, that because Mircea lies there awaiting my return, that surely, surely, I must come back?

"When he died the popular belief was that the Heavens had claimed from me a sacrifice, that God had taken my child from me that in his perfect innocence he should plead for the country he was destined to quit so soon!

"So let it be! For I believe in the day of return, I believe in the hour of victory, I believe that the blood of our heroes has not been shed in vain!

"One day thy arms will be opened wide to receive us, oh, mother town! Flags will fly from thy windows, thy streets will be strewn with branches, and those who return to thy embrace will not know if their hearts are breaking with sorrow or with joy!

"It lies in God's hand if I, your Queen, am to share that solemn hour with you—but this one boon do I ask of my people, that if my feet should not enter the dear city with you, carry all the flowers that you would have given me to the church where my little one lies; carry them there to his grave, heap them in masses above him, fill the whole church with flowers, so that he who so long was lonely should have a share in your songs of praise!"

Concerning the actual flight before the Germans Queen Marie says:

"As one but half-conscious I travelled through many parts of my land, motoring miles and miles along endless stretches at the dying season of the year; I passed through peaceful valleys; 'neath frowning mountainsides, over plains where the fields were at rest, and my soul was one with this country, its agony was the agony of my heart, the cries of the wounded were the cries of the child I had lost, and when bending over the beds of the dying I knew no more if it was for their woe I was weeping or my own!

"From those dark corners of suffering, where the wounded lay huddled together, their marred and bleeding visages turned to the wall, from the land itself, from its invaded frontiers, from its fields, its villages, its towns and forests, a mighty groan of anguish seemed rising toward the skies. I felt as though I must bend down and lift up all that anguish, lift it with both my hands and carry it away with me so as to relieve those less able to bear such a weight.

"Yet what could I do? With the greatness of my love could I save my country? Had I with my love even been able to save the life of my child?

"There is an hour of which I have never spoken—an hour of darkness and sorrow that I could share with no one, an hour when I had to carry my head very high so that none should see the tears in my eyes, an hour when naught else remained to me but to look beyond the things of this earth toward shadowy futures that belong only to God.

"I had to be strong at that hour, not to cry out, not to complain, but to lead the way into exile very simply, very quietly, so as to avoid all panic, so that no one should be afraid. Others depended upon me, all eyes were turned toward me to see how I would bear that which was unbearable, so I was silent; at that hour silence alone could help."

The Queen realizes that her own loss is only part of the immense suffering of her country. This constant feeling of fellowship that has made her so beloved by her country people is shown in these words:

"Difficult it is to speak of one's own sorrow when the suffering of all was so great, yet if to-day I speak of mine, it is because I know that it is my country's sorrow, that a thousand thousand voices are echo to mine when I talk of that for which we are mourning; of that which lies beyond the line of fire that like a wound upon a mother's breast cuts our dear country in two." . . .

In her flight the Queen was accompanied by her children, Princess Elizabeth, Prince Nicholas, a delicate boy, and Princess Ileana, a little girl. Her oldest son, Prince Carol, was with his command in the army.

In the northwestern corner of the country, protected by the Carpathian Mountains and the Danube, the Rumanians were able to make a stand. The capital was established at Jassy, the principal town of this region.

The Russian breakdown brought about the Rumanian disaster. The Russian troops who had been co-operating with the Rumanians fled through the country, murdering and pillaging. Bolsheviki forces in the rear of the Rumanians actually attacked them.

Throughout the war Queen Marie and her daughters have worked continuously as Red Cross nurses. The Queen has handled the most difficult and dangerous cases of wounds and disease. No labor has been too repulsive for her. She tended wounded men in the streets of Bucharest, when there were no beds or rooms to be had. At all times she has mingled with them as a mother. No queen has shown such fellowship for her people in modern times.

The Queen reached Jassy with the retreating army. The Germans then set up a bogus Rumanian Parliament at Bucharest and ordered it to accept a peace. Orders were sent to the King and authorities at Jassy to sign this peace under penalty of seeing Rumania obliterated. Under this pressure the King signed the peace.

What a contrast between King Ferdinand, who signed the peace that dismembered his country, and Queen Marie, who has never accepted it! At the Crown Council, when the peace was signed, her son, the Crown Prince, read a statement by her, in which she said:

"I protest with all my heart against this dictated peace, which dismembers our country, and I will never cease to fight it as long as I live."

The Crown Prince, by the way, has since married Clara Lambrino, a seventeen-year-old Rumanian girl of humble birth. For this he has been placed under arrest by his father, but his popularity has been greatly increased.

Queen Marie was, according to latest reports, at her romantic hunting lodge at Bicaz, in the Carpathian Mountains, near Jassy. She was in constant communication with popular leaders and soldiers, waiting the day of reckoning for the great disturber of Europe's peace.

This wonderful Queen was the daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh (son of Queen Victoria) and the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia. She has, however, little in common with other royalties. Married at eighteen to the Crown Prince of Rumania, she thoroughly identified herself with his picturesque and remote land. Before the war she was noted for her intelligent appreciation of Rumanian art and letters.

Her domestic life has not been entirely serene, for her husband was at one time infatuated with his aunt's "maid of honor," Helene Vacaresco. This fact never destroyed Marie's patriotism or interest in life.

King Ferdinand belongs, like his uncle, the late King, to the princely family of Hohenzollern, which is supposed to be an older branch of the Prussian dynasty. Ferdinand's actual relationship to Wilhelm of Berlin is remote, but the princely Hohenzollerns have, in recent years, been very proud of it. It appears not improbable that after the war he will follow the path of King Constantine of Greece and King Ferdinand of Bulgaria into exile.

Two royal persons have raised the credit of royalty in this war. One is King Albert of the Belgians, the other is Queen Marie of Rumania.

Little Prince Mircea (on the right), the Queen's Baby Whose Death the Rumanians Regard as a Sacrifice to God, and Princess Ileana Who Accompanied the Queen in Her Flight.

King Ferdinand of Rumania, the Hohenzollern Prince Who Signed a German Peace That Mutilated His Country, While His Wife Publicly Protested Against It

Marie of Rumania, the Brave Queen Who Remained with Her Soldiers in Rout and Disaster and Encouraged Them to Resist to the End.

The Queen with Two of the Many Wounded Rumanian Soldiers She Nursed.

Copyright, 1918, by Star Company.
Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Ravished Armenia ~ My Two Years o by The Turks

The Only Christian Armenian Girl to Escape at L Murdering Turks and Kurds and the Wicked H the Sultan's Bloodthirsty Officials Reveals, for the Details of the Wholesale Massacres and Seizu Thousands of Young Women, Which She

A street of harems in Constantinople. Behind these overhanging windows thousands of Christian Armenian girls are imprisoned, forcibly converted to Mohammedanism and held by Turkish masters as unwilling wives or concubines. This is a typical harem street. It is estimated 80,000 Armenian girls have been sold in the secret slave markets of the Turkish capital. Aurora would have been in one of these harems had she not escaped to America. And, in the oval above—The notorious "Sheikh Zilan," of whom Aurora tells to-day. He is the chief of the most ferocious Kurd tribe in Armenia.

One of the followers of Sheikh Zilan, a typical desert Kurd, of the tribe which sold Aurora to Bekran Bey, the "slave dealer of Mousb."

ON these pages eleven weeks ago began the story of Aurora Mardiganian, the only Christian Armenian girl to escape the Turkish massacres of the Christians in Asia Minor, which began in her city, Tchemesh-Gedzak, near Harpout, three years ago on Easter Sunday.

Little Aurora's father and elder brother met their death at the hands of the Turks. Aurora, although only fourteen, was a well-developed and a very pretty girl. The Turkish governor had already marked her for his harem. He promised to spare her mother and brothers and sisters if she would join his harem slaves, but her devoted priest and her mother refused to let her make the sacrifice. The Pacha summoned all the Christian men and massacred them. The Turks carried off to their harems scores of the prettiest girls.

Then with the 4,000 Christian women and children of her city, Aurora was taken into the desert, where she was stolen by Musa Bey, the notorious Kurd ch Kehmel Effendi. She escaped by

She has told of the fate of the and of the "Butcher Shop" at A second time from her mother; a beautiful Christian girls near M girls of Kirk-Goz; of the cruel m of her being sold into the house o a monastery on the plains; of the and their beautiful victims, and of t

To-day she tells of the heart-r the 160 girls who survived the mas bodies. With the permission o Armenian and Syrian Relief of N terrible experiences will be conti these pages, until she tells of her s

By Aurora Mardiganian

(Continued from Last Sunday)

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN we entered Sheitan Deressi, "the Devil's Gorge," there were two thousand in the company of refugees from Diyarbekir, which I had joined, as I told last Sunday. When we had passed the gorge there were only one hundred and sixty left. The bodies of the others choked the gorge—all the men who had been with us, all the older women and those who had been ill and unable to walk fast enough to please the Zaptiehs.

I think that we were nearly all who were alive of the hundreds of thousands of Armenians who had been taken from their homes in the heart of Armenia—that is, all who were alive except those girls and women who had been sold into slavery to the Turks. I have heard it said by soldiers and Turkish officers who bragged to us that more than 300,000 Armenians were killed at Devil's Gorge alone.

With so few of us to guard, and almost all of us either young or not so very old, the nights were made terrible by the Zaptiehs. For many days they had been on the road with us, and had tired of ordinary cruelties and the mere shaming of the girls under cover of darkness at the camping places. The Turks who had been recruited from the villages and made guards over us to assist the Zaptiehs, as I have told before, were especially brutal. It was their first opportunity to visit upon Christians that hatred with which Islam looks upon the "giour"—the Unbeliever.

When we drew near to Ourfa we were joined by a party numbering, I think, four or five hundred of exiles from the Sandjak of Marash (a subdistrict north of Lebanon, of which Zeitoun, Albustan and Marash are the large cities). Nearly all of these were from the city of Marash itself—some from Zeitoun. The removal of the Armenians from the Sandjak of Marash was begun later than in other parts of Asia Minor. When Haidar Pacha had issued the orders for deportation some of the Armenians who had arms resisted. They refused to leave unless they submit to the Zaptiehs unless they were given guarantees that they would be allowed to return to their homes after the war.

Haidar Pacha had few soldiers at his command just then. He sent to Aleppo for assistance to carry out his wish to send the Armenians away. From Aleppo came Captain Schappen, a German artillery officer, who was stationed there with other German officers. Captain Schappen organized large bodies of Zaptiehs and taught them the use of machine guns. He then led them personally, and with other German officers and their aides made a raid on the Armenian houses. In quarters where there was resistance he turned the machine guns on the houses.

From Marash and nearby cities fourteen thousand of my people, men, women and children, were sent away, guarded by the Zaptiehs, under the command of this German captain. For some reason which none of the Christians knew, these exiles were not taken directly into the desert toward Bagdad, as were others from that district, but they were kept many days, even weeks, at a time in camp, with almost no food or water, then to move on only a few miles and to camp again. They were many weeks reaching the vicinity of Ourfa. When they joined us, of the fourteen thousand who were torn from their homes by Captain Schappen and his Zaptieh company only the three or four hundred remained alive! No men were left—just mothers and daughters and aunts and nieces.

Captain Schappen had returned, after three weeks on the road, to Aleppo. He took with him a Miss Tchilingarian, who was fifteen years old, and who had just returned from a private school in Germany, where her parents had sent her to be educated. She was home on a vacation when the deportation began. She was very pretty, those who knew her told me, and had already won honors in music. Her family intended that she should become a singer and take to the Christian world outside Turkey the beautiful folk ballads of my people. Captain Schappen marked her during the first night of the refugees on the road, and had her taken to his tent. He then designated a Zaptieh to be her especial guard until he took her away with him. Captain Schappen also took with him Mrs. Sarafian, the young wife of Dr. Dikran Sarafian, who had been educated in Switzerland, and was one of the most prominent Armenian physicians in central Turkey. Mrs. Sarafian was a Swiss, and had learned to love Dr. Sarafian while he was a student in her country. She had come to Marash to marry him just two years before. Captain Schappen had her taken to his tent also, soon after they began their march, and when her husband objected the officer ordered a Zaptieh to shoot him.

When the German officers—Captain Schappen and his companions—decided to return to Aleppo they sent Zaptiehs scouring the country for miles around looking for donkeys. For these the officers traded girl children. A pretty child was given for one donkey. Of the children who were plain the officers gave two, or sometimes three for a single donkey. Thus they collected a large herd of donkeys, which probably were needed by the Turkish army officials for military purposes.

In another day after this remnant of the Christians of Marash joined us we came into sight of Ourfa. We were ordered to camp close to an artificial lake—such a lake as often is found outside Moslem cities. The leaders of our Zaptiehs rode into the city for instructions. Soon Turks, in long white coats, came out of the city to look at us. When they saw that ours was a party of almost all younger women, with many girl children still left, they spread the news in Ourfa, and in a little while dozens of Turks came out in little groups of four and five.

They tried to persuade our Zaptiehs to let them carry away with them the young women and children they wanted. The Zaptiehs would not permit this, however, unless they were paid what was then considered high prices for Christian women. They said they had brought us this far, and now they intended to profit—that they had only permitted us to live because they hoped to get "good prices" for the choicest of us in the Ourfa market.

The Turks did not want to pay the high prices, and the Zaptiehs would not trade with them. The Zaptiehs said there was a good market in Ourfa for pretty Armenian women, and they preferred to get the Mutassarif's permission to hunt purchasers there who would bid against each other. The Turks went back to the city disappointed.

That night, just after sundown, these same Turks came out again and opened the sluices that held the artificial lake, allowing the water to spread over the plain and flood our camp. We had to run as fast as we could to scramble to safety, and there was great confusion. Even the Zaptiehs were caught by surprise, and much alarmed lest we all drown.

In this confusion the Turks rushed in among us and helped themselves to our youngest girls—the prettiest children they could seize. We were powerless to save them, as each of the Turks carried a heavy stick, with which they beat down the mothers or relatives who tried to rescue their little ones. By the time we had escaped the water and assembled again, and the Zaptiehs were recovered from their own panic, the Turks had gone—and with them fifteen or twenty beautiful little girls.

Later I learned what was the immediate fate of the children stolen when the lake was opened on us. Haidar Pacha, who had become military commandant at Ourfa, and who exercised authority higher than that of the Kaimakam, had seized the ancient Catholic Armenian monastery there, and had transformed it into a "government school for refugee children." Since I have come to America I have learned that when complaints were made to the Sultan at Constantinople by foreign ambassadors of the stealing of children the Sultan's officials replied that they were taken as a kindly deed by the government, which wished to place them in comfort in the "government school" at Ourfa and other cities.

But this is what the "government school" at Ourfa was:

Haidar Pacha sent his soldiers, under command of Khoursid Bey, to take possession of the monastery, a large stone building. They surrounded it and forced the monks, among them Father Antone and Father Shiradjian, two priests who were much beloved by Protestant as well as Catholic Armenians, to walk in between two rows of soldiers. The soldiers closed in behind them and marched with them outside the walls of the city. Then the soldiers halted and Khoursid Bey asked how many there were among the monks who were willing to take the oath of Islam and foreswear God.

When the bey ceased speaking Father Antone lifted his voice with the words of the ancient song of the good Saint Thomas Aquinas, and all the monks joined in.

While they sang the soldiers shot them down—volley after volley—until all were dead. The last monk to fall died with the words of the song on his lips.

Haidar Pacha then cleared out the monastery of all its relics and religious symbols. Among these were some things which were very dear to my people. There was, for instance, the lance which pierced the side of Jesus at the Crucifixion.

What has become of this and other things that were associated with Christ himself and kept by the fathers in this monastery I do not know. It is said they were taken to Damascus and placed in a mosque there, to be ridiculed by the Moslems.

When the monastery was cleared Haidar Pacha gathered from among the Armenians, who were then being taken out of the city, a number of Armenian girls of the best families and confined them in the monastery. He then seized hundreds of Armenian girl children, from 7 to 12 years old, and shut them up in the monastery, to be taught the Moslem religion and raised as Moslems. He compelled the older girls to teach them the beliefs of Islam, under penalty of the most awful cruelties. To this monastery then came rich Turks from all over Asia Minor to select as many little girls as they wished and could buy for their harems—where they would grow up to be submissive slaves.

While we were waiting outside the city for the Zaptiehs to dispose of us according to whatever their plans might be I saw coming toward us, out of a city gate, a company of Hamidieh, or Kurd cavalry, with a supply train of donkeys and arabas, which indicated a long journey ahead. There must have been a full regiment of the horsemen, as they filled the plain outside the city while forming their line of march.

When they drew near to pass us within a hundred yards or so, I saw a little group of women and children riding on donkeys and ponies between the lines of horsemen. I recognized these as Armenians. This was an unusual sight—Armenians under protection instead of under guard. In those days my curiosity had been stunted. So many unusual things went on about me all the time I had lost my sense of interest in anything that did not actually concern me. But something seemed to hold my attention to this strange looking company.

I got up from the ground where I was sitting and went to the edge of our camp to watch the soldiers passing. The first lines went by. The Armenian women came nearer. Suddenly all the world about me seemed lost in a haze. I rushed in between the horses, screaming at the top of my voice:

"Mother! Mother! Mother!"

She heard, and little Hovan, and Mardiros, and Sarah heard. Mother slid to the ground as I ran up to her. I tried to throw my arms around her neck, while my little brothers and sister clung to me. But mother caught my arms and held them. Her eyes were closed, and she was still and silent. I cried to her to speak to me. A terrible fear came over me. Had she gone mad? Had she lost her speech?

I screamed—this time with anguish. Mother opened her eyes.

"Be patient, my daughter," she said, with the dear, sweet gentleness for which all our friends had loved her. "Be patient, my daughter. I was just talking with God—thanking Him that my prayers have come true!" When I had kissed and cried over Hovan and Mardiros and Sarah I looked again into mother's face.

Little Arrucia—she was not there. Mother saw the question in my eyes.

"Arrucia has gone—like Emin and Lusanne. She grew tired one day and could not keep up. A soldier threw her over a precipice!"

An officer of the Hamidieh came up to learn what was happening, why mother and the children had dismounted to stand in the way of the moving horsemen. Mother explained to him that I was her daughter, who had come back to her. She said she wished that I might travel with her. The officer was kind. He gave permission and promised to send another donkey for me to ride.

There were four young Armenian girls with mother and several older women, whose faces bore the marks of much suffering. As we rode along mother explained to me.

When I was stolen from her and our party from

...f Torture

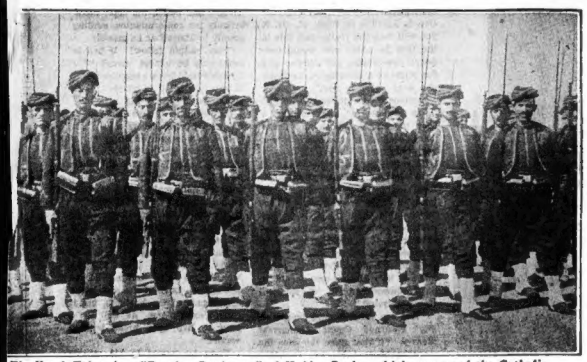
...t from the ...ems of First Time, ...re of ...d Witnessed

...ptain. Musa Bey sold her to ... jumping into the Euphrates. ... young women of Keban-Maden, ...abkiro; how she was stolen the ... the "crucifixion" of sixteen ...ins; of the fate of the school ...sacres in the "Charnel City"; ... Hadji Ghafour; of the raid on ... German officers at Diyarbekir, ...e massacre at "Devil's Gorge." ...nding experiences which awaited ...scue that choked the gorge with ... the American Committee for ... York City, the diary of her ...ued from Sunday to Sunday on ...rival in New York.

When Khoursid Bey, of Ourfa, demanded of the monks that they agree to accept the doctrine of Islam and foreswear God, it was Father Antone, the prior, who replied. "He raised his cross to Heaven and lifted his voice," Aurora says, "in the words of the ancient hymn of St. Thomas Aquinas:

"O saving Victim, opening wide
The gate of heaven to man below,
Our foes press on from every side—
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow!"

The monks joined in the defiant song, and as they sang the Turkish soldiers shot them down.



The Kasab Tabouri, or "Butcher Regiment," of Haidar Pacha, which massacred the Catholic Armenian monks of Ourfa when they refused to take the Moslem oath.

...esh-Gedzak, our own city, so many weeks before ...e dying at the roadside, cruelly wounded by the ...e who had beaten her, as I have told before. But ...ought of the children summoned her back to life. ...friends cared for her, and the next day when the ...y moved on they carried her in their arms until ...ld walk again.

...passed Malatia, Geulik and Diyarbekir. At last ...ched Ourfa. By this time only eighteen were left ... original four thousand exiles from Tchemesh- ...

Ourfa, mother remembered, lived my uncle, moth- ...sain, Ipranossian Mardiganian, who had moved ...chemesh-Gedzak to Ourfa many years ago—before ...born. Uncle Ipranossian had become very wealthy, ...d established a great trading business, which had ...hes even in Persia and in Constantinople.

...the Abdul-Hamid massacres of 1895 Uncle Ipranos- ...was persuaded by his powerful Turkish friends at ...antinople and in Ourfa to become Moslem and thus ...t his business. He pretended to adopt Islam, and ...warded with a government position of high trust, ...e rose to high estate among the Moslems. He ...s a Turkish name, and was known as Agha Ibra- ...Secretly, though, he still prayed to God and was ...ian.

...other remembered her cousin when she came to ... with the refugees. She knew he was in the favor ... Turks, who no longer looked upon him as Arme- ...She asked one of the soldiers with her party if he ...take a letter into the city for her, promising that ...would deliver the letter secretly he would receive ...The soldier took the letter to Agha Ibrahim's house. ...mother appealed to her cousin for his assistance in ...e of their family, and asked him to give some ... the soldier.

...a Ibrahim was grieved by mother's letter. He ...word that he would help her. He went at once ...ar Pacha and procured his permission to bring ...and her children to his house. Then he came for ... took her to his home. In his house mother found ...rmenian girls. Their mothers were deported ...urfa, but before they had left the city they had ...d to Agha Ibrahim to take their daughters under ...tection, thinking to save them, and he could not ...although he endangered his own life, and had to ...e girls hidden from his neighbors. The other ...who were with mother also were in his house, ...in his cellar. He had taken them in from the ...e soldiers were not looking.

...re than a month mother and the children were safe in her cousin's home. Then, one day, Haidar Pacha sent him word to come to the government building. He returned with heavy heart. Haida Pacha had told him it would not be safe for him to keep his relatives in his house any longer; that many high military officials were in Ourfa, and if some of them should hear of refugee Armenians being thus protected all might be killed, and both the Pacha and Agha Ibrahim suffer.

But Haidar Pacha offered to obtain from the Turkish general at Aleppo military permission for mother and the children and the other refugees, of whom my uncle now told him, to travel back to their homes in the north with soldiers being sent to Moush to join the campaign against the Russians, who were pressing the Turks in the Caucasus. For this Haidar Pacha asked one thousand liras cash—about $5,000—and another thousand liras when mother and the others had safely reached their homes and had received permission from their home authorities to remain. This the Pacha promised to arrange also.

My uncle had to comply. The four girls had no homes or relatives in the north, but they had to go, too, or be deported and seized by Turks. Mother agreed to take them to her home in Tchemesh-Gedzak—if they should really reach there alive.

At Moush an army corps was assembling. The Turks had retired before the first advance of the Russians through the Caucasus, and Dejevdet Bey, Vali of Van, was rallying his armies here for a dash at the Russian flanks, which already had reached Van. Soldiers occupied all the houses in Moush, from which the Armenians had been ejected, and the Hamidieh officers believed it would be best for us to be quartered outside the city while arrangements were made for the rest of our journey. Mother depended upon the papers given her by Haidar Pacha to secure for us an escort from Moush to Tchemesh-Gedzak—and Agha Ibrahim, our uncle, had said that Haidar would telegraph the authorities at Moush to guarantee our safety.

We stopped at Kurdmeidan, a village a few miles outside of Moush, at the foot of Mount Antok. There had been many Armenians in the village, and there was an Armenian church. All the Christians had been massacred, however, and their homes were occupied by mouhajirs—Moslem immigrants from the lost provinces in the Balkans. We went into the deserted church and prepared to remain there until arrangements were made for us to leave. The Hamidieh officers called the village mudir before them and cautioned him that we were to be protected and fed—that we were "especially favored friends of the Porte."

The villagers treated us kindly—so great is the fear of the population of anything "official" or "governmental." Days went by and we did not hear from the city. We began to worry. Mother wanted so much to see our home again at Tchemesh-Gedzak. "Were it not for you and the children," she would say to me, "I would be willing to die on my doorstep—if God would just let me see our home again!" My poor, dear mother!

We dared not go alone into the city to inquire what was to be done for us—we could only wait and trust. But our hopes were in vain.

One night, just after the Fifth Prayer, the streets of the little city were suddenly cluttered with horsemen. Some Turkish women who were just outside the church rushed in to get out of the way of the horses' hoofs. "It is Sheikh Zilan," they said. "The Sheikh Zilan of the Belek tribe, who has been called in from the mountains with his thousand Kurds to fight for the Turks!"

The name of Sheikh Zilan was widely known. His horsemen had harried the countryside for many years. It was said he frequently made raids with his tribe into Persia, and even into the Russian Caucasus, before the war, to steal girls for the secret slave markets in European Turkey.

The tribe was on its way into Moush. Entrance would be denied them after dark, they knew, so they had decided to camp for the night in Kurdmeidan. The immediate followers of the Sheikh saw the Armenian church building, and decided to use it as a stable for the horses of the Sheikh and his chiefs. They broke in the door, while mother and the rest of us crouched in a corner. But we could not hide—the Kurds saw us and gave the alarm. Soon the church was full of the wild tribesmen.

Mother showed her letters from Haidar Pachs. This awed the Kurds for a moment, and they sent for one of their chiefs. When the chief came he read the letter carefully. Then he examined our party. "The Pacha here says there is an Armenian woman and her servants and three children, to whom immunity has been promised and safe conduct. That we will grant, although the word of a Pacha is not binding upon the will of the great Shiekh Zilan. But the Pacha's writing says nothing of five young Armenian women, too old to be classed as children and too young to be described as servants. These we will take, lest the Pacha be imposed upon."

They took me and the four girls mother had brought from the house of Agha Ibrahim, and at the same time they forced mother to leave the shelter of the church and camp in a nearby yard. They took us out of the village, to where their main camp was laid out. With halter ropes they tied our hands behind our backs and then tied us to each other by looping a rope through our arms. Soon Sheikh Zilan himself came to look at us. He seemed greatly pleased when he had looked into our faces. He gave some orders we could not understand, but which, evidently, had to do with our safety, and walked away. We spent the night sitting on the ground, for we were bound in such a way we could not lie down. Kurds looked at us curiously as they walked around us, and often one of them would kick one of us to make us turn our faces toward him. But otherwise they did not molest us.

Early in the morning we were taken into the city, tied across horses, which were led just behind the group of chiefs who followed Sheikh Zilan himself. Inside the city four horsemen led our horses into a side street, and to a low, ill-looking house, in one of the low quarters of the city. Here we were given to the householder, a cruel looking Kurd, whom I was soon to know was Agha Bekran, the notorious slave dealer of Moush.

(Continued Next Sunday)

Father Antone, the famous prior of the Armenian-Capuchin monks of Ourfa, who defied the Turkish soldiers when they demanded his apostasy by answering with a militant Christian hymn. As he held his cross to Heaven the Turks killed him. This photograph of Father Antone is in the possession of Mr. K. Vartanian, now of New York City, who was a student of Father Antone in the Ourfa monastery before the massacres.

Capuchin Monastery at Ourfa, from which Father Antone and the Armenian monks were taken to their death. The monastery now is used as a concentration depot for Christian girl children taken from their mothers to be sold into Moslem harems. Father Antone is shown standing on the balcony.

(Photo from K. Vartanian, a former student at the monastery.)

Did She Do Right? — By Elinor Glyn

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

CANON EBLEY, an English clergyman and his wife, accompanied by their favorite niece, Stella Rawson, are travelling on the continent. Stella is engaged to Eustace Medlicott, a bishop's junior chaplain. The match was due to the efforts of Mrs. Ebley, who is anxious to have Stella settled. It is now May and the marriage is scheduled to take place in September.

In Rome the glitter and sparkle of the life in the Grand Hotel sets Stella's heart all aflutter with pleasurable excitement. At a nearby table in the dining room she notices a man of most striking appearance. She is mysteriously attracted to him, but her aunt and uncle are greatly shocked because he parts his hair in the middle and wears a platinum wrist watch. Afterward she learns that he is Count Roumovski, a tremendously wealthy Russian nobleman.

The count seizes the first opportunity to introduce himself to Stella, and promptly invites her to take a motor ride with him through the Borghese Gardens. Stella throws conventions to the winds and accepts. They have a most enchanting drive together without Stella's guardians becoming aware of her absence.

Count Roumovski promises Stella that he will secure a formal introduction to her on the following evening at the Embassy reception which they will both attend, and thus put their acquaintance on a proper basis. Stella is charmed with the possibility but later is greatly perturbed by the news that Eustace Medlicott, her fiance, will arrive in Rome in time to be present at the reception.

Early the next day the Count contrives an hour alone with Stella at a convenient museum, and as a consequence, Eustace, on his arrival is even more distasteful to her than she had anticipated.

At the Embassy Count Roumovski is presented to Stella's relatives. Afterward, in the illuminated garden, he slips away to a secluded arbor with Stella. Here they unburden their hearts to each other and the Count urges Stella to break her engagement with Eustace, saying he will ask her uncle, formally, for her hand on the morrow.

CHAPTER V.
Surprise and Anger.

NO one could have been more surprised than the Reverend Eustace Medlicott at the behavior of his betrothed. Far from showing any contrition for her unseemly absence upon the arm of a perfect stranger, and a foreigner to boot, Stella had returned to the fold of her relations' group with a demure and radiant face, and when Eustace had ventured some querulous reproaches, she had cut him short by saying she had done as she wished and did not intend to listen to any remarks about it.

"You will have to learn more humbleness of mind, my dear child," he retorted sternly. "I cannot allow you to reply to your future husband in this independent tone."

"I shall just answer as I please," said Stella, and felt almost inclined to laugh, he looked so cross and amazed. Then she turned and talked to the cousin, Mr. Deanwood, and took no further notice of him.

Mr. Medlicott burned with annoyance. Stella would really have to be careful or he would not go on with the match—he had no intention of taking to wife a woman who would defy him—there was Nancy Ruggles ready to be his slave—and others besides her. And his career could be just as well assisted by the Bishop's daughter as by Canon Ebley's niece, even though her uncle was a crotchety and unknown Lord, patron of two fat livings. But Stella, with a rebellious little curl loosened on her snowy neck and a rebellious pout upon her cherry lips, was so very alluring a creature to call one's own, the desire of the flesh, which he called by any other name, fought hard with his insulted spirit, though to give in would be too ignominious; she must say she was sorry first, and then he could find it in his heart to forgive her. But the opportunity to show this magnanimity was not vouchsafed to him by fate—for other people were introduced to the party by Mr. Deanwood, and he did not exchange a word alone with his erring fiancee until she said a cool good-night in the hall of the Grand Hotel.

"Stella, remain for a moment, I wish to speak to you," he said in the voice in which he was accustomed to read the burial service.

But she feigned not to hear and followed her Aunt Caroline's black velvet train on to the lift, and at that same moment a discreet-looking foreign servant came up and handed him a note.

He read it in surprise—who could be sending him a note at a quarter past twelve at night? It ran as follows:

"Dear Sir,

"I shall be greatly obliged if you can spare to me half an hour before retiring to your rest to converse upon a matter of importance. I have the honor of making your acquaintance to-night at your Embassy. If you will grant me this favor I will wait upon you immediately in the hall, or, if you prefer, my sitting-room; my servant could conduct you here, and we shall have the advantage of being entirely undisturbed.

"I remain, sir,

Yours truly,

"Sasha Roumovski.

Eustace Medlicott gasped with astonishment. This Russian gentleman was evidently in need of his ministrations and perhaps advice. He would go to his room, certainly, there were still some people in the hall having late coffee and refreshment after the theater.

He indicated by a condescending movement that he was ready to follow the waiting servant, and soon found himself being shown into Count Roumovski's sitting-room. It was luxuriously appointed and represented every appearance of manly comfort. There were quantities of books and papers about, and the smell of excellent cigars, and put carelessly aside were various art objects which antique dealers had evidently sent for his grand seigneur's approval.

Count Roumovski was standing by the mantelpiece and looked very tall and commanding in his evening dress.

"It is most good of you to come," he said, while he indicated a big arm-chair for his visitor to sit in—he did not offer to shake hands. "It was certainly my duty to have called upon you, my only apology for getting you to ascend here is that the subject I wish to converse with you is too serious for both of us to admit of interruptions."

"Indeed," said Mr. Medlicott, pompously—growing more surprised each moment. "And may I ask the nature of your trouble?"

Count Roumovski did not change his position by the mantelpiece and he kept still as a bronze statue as he spoke in a courteous tone:

"It is not a trouble at all," he began, gravely; "on the contrary, it is a great joy and honor for me. I will state the facts immediately. I understand that for a short while you have been engaged to be married to Miss Stella Rawson, the niece of the respected English clergyman, the Reverend Ebley"——

"Pardon me," interrupted Mr. Medlicott acidly, "but I do not see how my private affairs can interest you, sir. I cannot"——

But the host in turn interrupted him.

"If you will be so good as to listen patiently, you will find that this matter is of vital importance—may I proceed?"

Mr. Medlicott bowed; what more could he do? Count Roumovski went on:

"I understand that Miss Rawson never showed very strong affection for you or great desire for this union—so what I have to ask now is, if you, as a gentleman, will release her from her promise so you can set her free."

"Upon my word, sir, this is too much," Mr. Medlicott exclaimed, startled to his feet. "By what authority do you say these preposterous things? You were only introduced to Miss Rawson and myself to-night. You must be mad!"

"No, I am quite sane. And I say them upon the best authority," Count Roumovski continued, "because I love Miss Rawson myself, and I am deeply honored by believing that in return she loves one—not you at all. Therefore, is common sense to ask you to release her, and let her be happy with the person she prefers—is it not so?"

Eustace Medlicott had grown white with anger and astonishment as he fetched, and now broke in coldly, forgetful of his intoning voice or anything but his outraged dignity.

"When have you had the opportunity to try and undermine the faith of my betrothed, may I ask? Supposing you are saying this seriously and not as some ill-timed jest."

Count Roumovski lifted his eyebrows a little and looked almost with pity at his adversary. "We are not talking in the heroic manner," he replied, unmoved by the other's taunts. "We are, I presume, two fairly intelligent men discussing this affair together—there has been no question of undermining. Miss Rawson and myself found we understood each other very soon after we first met. Surely, you must realize, sir, that love cannot be commanded, it will not come or go at one's bidding. These ridiculous bonds of convention, holding to a promise given when the spirit to keep it is no longer there, can ruin people's lives."

Mr. Medlicott drew himself up. He was not quite so tall as the Russian, but of no mean height, and his intense, ascetic face, emaciated to extreme leanness, now reddened with passion, while the veins stood out upon the high, narrow forehead. He was always very irritable when crossed, and his obstinate nature was strongly combative.

"You forget, sir," he said angrily, "you are insulting my honor."

"Not the least in the world—you do not understand the point," Count Roumovski returned calmly. "Listen for a minute—and I will explain. If Miss Rawson were already your wife I should be, and you would have the right to try and kill me, did your calling permit of that satisfaction of gentlemen."

Mr. Medlicott with difficulty restrained himself from interrupting and the Russian went on:

"But the situation of betrothed is altogether different; in it there have merely been promises exchanged, promises, for the most part, which no man or woman can honestly engage with any certainty to keep, because feeling toward the other is not within his or her control—both are promising upon a sentiment, not a reality."

"I totally disagree with you," Eustace Medlicott answered angrily. "When men and women make promises to one another they should have wills strong enough to keep them."

"Ah, what sensible reason!" Count Roumovski asked. "In a case where the happiness of both is involved, and where no damage has been incurred by either——"

Mr. Medlicott clasped his hands convulsively, but did not reply—to the Russian —and on:

"Surely, you must see that a woman should be free to marry—that is, to give herself where she loves—and be forced to bestow her sacred gifts when her spirit is revolting—just because she has made an initial mistake of affection in herself or a man, often through others' influence, who she discovers afterward is distasteful to her. Cannot you realize that it is right for himself as well as for her that this man release her, before a life of long misery begins for one or both?"

Mr. Medlicott never analyzed reasons, and never listened to other people's logic, and if he had any of his own he was too angry to use it. He was simply conscious now that a foreigner had insulted him and appeared to have stolen the affections of his betrothed, and his sacred calling precluded all physical retaliation—which, at the moment, was the only kind that would have given him any satisfaction. He prepared to stalk furiously from the room after he should receive an answer to an all-important question.

"The whole thing is disgraceful," he said, "and I shall inform Miss Rawson's uncle and aunt of your highly insulting words to me, that they may guard her from further importunity upon your part. But I should like to know, in fairness, how far you are stating you have been able to persuade my fiancee to agree to your views?"

"I am sorry you should have become so heated and angry," Count Roumovski returned, "because it stops all sensible discussion. I deeply regret having been forced to inflict pain upon you, but if you would give yourself time to think calmly you would see that, however unfortunate the fact may be for you of Miss Rawson's affections having become fixed on me—these things are no one's fault and beyond human control—Miss Rawson has left the breaking off of her engagement to you in my hands, and has decided that she desires to marry me, as I desire to marry her as soon as she is free."

"I refuse to listen to another word," Mr. Medlicott flashed, "and I warn you, sir, that I will give no such freedom at your bidding. On the contrary, I shall have my marriage with Miss Rawson solemnized immediately, and try, if there is a word of truth in your preposterous assertion that she loves you, to bring her back to a proper sense of her duty to me and to God, repressing her earthly longings by discipline and self-denial, the only true methods for the saving of her soul. And I and her natural guardians, her uncle and her aunt, will take care that you never see her again."

Count Roumovski raised his eyebrows once more and prepared to light a cigar.

"It is a pity you will not discuss this peacefully, sir," he said, "or apparently even think about it yourself with common sense. If you would do so, you would begin by asking yourself what God gave certain human beings certain attributes for," he blew a few whiffs of smoke; "whether to be wasted and crushed out by the intolerance of others—or whether to be tended and grow to the highest, as flowers grow with light and air and water."

"What has that got to do with the case?" asked Mr. Medlicott, tapping his foot uneasily.

"Everything," went on the Russian, mildly. "You, I believe, are a priest, and therefore should be better able to expound your Deity's meaning than I am a layman—but you have evidently not the same point of view. Mine is always to look at the facts of a case denuded of prejudice—because the truth is the thing to aim at"——

"You would suggest that I am not aiming at the truth?" the clergyman interrupted, trembling now with anger, so that he fiercely grasped the back of a high chair. "Your words are preposterous, sir."

"Not at all," Count Roumovski, continued. "Look frankly at things. You have just announced that you would constitute yourself judge of what is for Miss Rawson's salvation."

"Leave her name out, I insist," the other put in hotly.

"To be concrete, unfortunately, I cannot do so," the Russian said. "I must speak of this lady we are both interested in—pray try to listen to me calmly, sir, for we are here for the settling of a matter which concerns the happiness of our three lives."

"I do not admit for a moment that you have the right to speak at all," Mr. Medlicott returned, but his adversary went on quietly.

"You must have remarked that Miss Rawson possesses beauty of form, sweet and tender flesh, soft coloring, and a look of health and warmth and life. All these charms tend to create in man a profound love. That is cause and effect. For the sake of the present argument we will, for the moment, leave out all more important questions of the soul and things mental and spiritual. Well, who gave her these attributes? Did you or I—or even her parents, consciously? Or did the Supreme Being, whom you call God, endow her so? Admitted that He did—have you, then, or anyone else, the right to crush out the result of His endowment in a woman; crush her joy of them, force her into a life where their possession is looked upon as a temptation? Seek to marry her—remember that marriage physically means being certainly actuated to do so by their attraction—and yet believing that you sin each time you allow them to influence you." Count Roumovski's level voice took on a note of deep emotion and his blue eyes gleamed. "Why, the degradation is horrible to think of, sir, if you will face the truth—and this is the fate to which you would condemn this young and tender girl for your own selfishness, knowing she does not love you."

Eustace Medlicott walked up and down rapidly for a moment; he then picked up a book and threw it aside again in agitation. He was very pale now.

"I refuse to have the woman I have decided to marry snatched from me by any of your sophistries," he said breathlessly. "I am better able than you to save her soul, and she owes me honor and obedience—it is most unseemly to even mention the aspects you have done in a bond which is a sacrament of holy church and should be only approached in a spiritual frame of mind."

"You are talking pure nonsense, sir," returned Count Roumovski sternly. "If that were the case the wording of your English marriage service would be different. First and foremost, marriage is a contract between two people to live together and become parents as ordained by the laws of God and nature. Men added arrangement and endowment of property, and the church added spiritual sacrament. But God and nature invented the vital thing. If it were not so, it would have been possible for the spiritually minded, of which company you infer yourself to be, to live with a woman and never let the senses speak at all. There would then have been no necessity for the ceremony of marriage for priests with your views."

Eustace Medlicott shook with passion and emotion as he answered hastily: "You would turn the question into one of whether a priest should marry or not. It is a question which has agitated me all my life, and which I have only lately been able to come to a conclusion upon. I refuse to let you disturb me in it."

"I had not thought of doing so," Count Roumovski returned tranquilly. "You and your views and your destiny do not interest me. I must own, except in so far as they interfere with myself and the woman I love. You have proved yourself to be just a warped atom of the great creation, incapable of anything but ignoble narrowness. You cannot even examine your own emotions honestly and probe their meaning or you would realize no man should marry, be he priest or layman, if he looks upon the love of physical love as base and his succumbing to them a proof of the power of the beast in himself. Because he then lives under continual degradation of soul by acting against his conscience."

"The wise man faces the facts of nature. Looks straight to find God's meaning in them, and then rises to exalt and ennoble them to their loftiest good. He does not, in his puny impotence, quarrel with the all-powerful Creator and try to stamp out that with which He thought fit to endow human beings."

"Your words convey a flagrant denial of original sin, and I cannot listen to such an argument," Mr. Medlicott flashed, his anger now at white heat. "You would do away with a whole principle of the Christian religion."

"No; I would only do away with a faulty interpretation which man grafted upon it," Count Roumovski answered.

Then the two men glared straight into each other's eyes for a moment, and Eustace Medlicott quailed beneath the magnetic force of the Russian's blue ones—he turned away abruptly. He was too intolerant of character and too dig tured now to permit himself to hear more of these reasonings. He could but resort to protest and let his wrath rise to assist him.

"I cannot benefit either Miss Rawson or ourselves to continue this unseemly controversy over her," he said in a raucous voice. "I have told you I will give no freedom upon your request—and I have warned you of my action. Now I shall go," and he took three steps toward the door.

But Count Roumovski's next words arrested him a moment; his tone was no longer one of suave, detached calmness, but sharp and decisive, and his bearing was instinct with strength and determination.

"Since we are coming to warnings," he said, "we drop the velvet glove. The discourtesy to a lady conveyed in your words obliges me to use my own way without further consulting you for assisting her wishes. I will again thank you for coming up here and will have the honor to wish you good-night." With which he opened the door politely and bowed his visitor out.

And when he was alone Count Roumovski sat down by the open window and puffed his cigar meditatively for some minutes, smiling quietly to himself as he mused:

"Poor, stupid fellow! If people could only be honest enough with themselves to have a sensible point of view! It is all so simple if they would get down to the reason of things without all this false sentiment. Of what use to chain the body of a woman to one man if her spirit is with another? Of what use to talk of offended honor with high-sounding words when, if one were truthful, one would own it was offended vanity? Of what use for this narrow, foolish clergyman to protest and bombast and rave. Underneath he is actuated by mostly human motives in his desire to marry my Stella? When will the world learn to be natural and see the truth? Love of the soul is the divine part of the business, but it cannot exist alone. As well ask a man to live upon bread without water!"

Then he moved to his writing table and composed rapidly a letter to his beloved in which he recounted to her the result of the interview and the threats of her late fiance, and the humor in which he had quitted the room, and from that she might judge of what she must reasonably expect. He advised her, as he was unaware of how far the English authority of a guardian might go, to feign some fatigue and keep her room next day and on no account whatever to be persuaded to leave Rome or the hotel.

He told her that in the morning he would endeavor to see her uncle and aunt, but if they refused this interview, he would write and ask formally for her hand, and if his request were treated with scorn, then she must be prepared to slip away with him to the Excelsior Hotel and be consigned to the care of the Princess Urazov, his sister, who would have arrived from Paris.

The business part of the epistle over, he allowed himself half a page of love sentences—which caused Miss Rawson exquisite delight when she read them some moments later.

She had not gone to bed directly, she was too excited and full of new emotions to be thinking of sleep, and when she heard Ivan's gentle tap at her door she crept to it and whispered without opening it:

"Who is there?"

A low voice answered: "A letter for Mademoiselle." And the epistle was slipped into the little box for letters on the door. She went back to her wide window and looked out on the darkness after she had read it. She saw there would be trouble ahead. She knew Eustace Medlicott's obstinate spirit very well, and also the rigid convention of Aunt Caroline—but to what lengths they would go she formulated no guess.

It all seemed so secure and happy and calm now with such a man to lean upon as Sasha Roumovski. Nothing need ruffle or frighten her ever any more. And then she read the love sentences again and thrilled and quivered there in the warm, soft night. Sasha Roumov-

(Continued on Next Page.)

"And then she read the love sentences again and thrilled and quivered there in the warm, soft night. She felt she knew at last what love's meaning truly was, and nothing else mattered in the world."

Copyright, 1918, by Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

The Story of the Engaged Girl Who Fell in Love with Another Man

(Continued from Preceding Page.)

ski's influence over her had grown so strong that not a questioning speculation as to the step she meant to take any longer entered her head. She felt she knew at last what love's meaning truly was, and nothing else mattered in the world—which, indeed, was the truth!

Meanwhile, the Reverend Eustace Medlicott, burning with fury, had walked to his room, and there tried to think what he had best further do. He feared it was too late to communicate with Canon and Mrs. Ebley—they would have retired to bed, and Stella, also.

Here his thoughts were brought up with violent suddenness. Was she quite safe? Heavens above! and he turned quite cold—foreigners might be capable of any outrage—but presently he dismissed this fear. People always locked their doors in hotels, and Stella, though she had apparently shown herself sadly unworthy of his regard, was a thoroughly well brought-up young woman, and would not be likely to bandy words in the night with any young man. But on the morrow he would insist upon their all leaving the hotel and Rome itself—no more chances of her communicating with this hateful Russian count should be risked.

As the Ebley party had only arrived three days ago in the city, it was clearly impossible that the affair could have gone far, and as he had heard of their sightseeing and knew Mrs. Ebley would be extremely unlikely to allow Stella out of her sight in any case, he could not imagine how his fiancee and the Russian could have found a chance to speak—and even a foreigner could not persuade a woman into this course of action in half an hour's talk at the Embassy! The whole thing must be the ravings of a mad man, nothing more, and Stella herself would be the first to explain that point on the morrow.

But even this comforting thought could not quite calm him—there remained disquieting recollections of certain forcible arguments he had been obliged to listen to against his will which had hit some part of his inner consciousness usually impregnably protected by his self-conceit. And it was an hour or two before he was able to drink his barley water and retire to rest, which he felt he badly needed after his long journey and uncomfortably exciting evening.

CHAPTER VI.

Breaking the News.

THE sun was blazing gloriously next day, the whole air was full of freshness and Spring and youth. An ideal one for lovers, and not at all the atmosphere for anger and strife. But these facts did not enter into the consideration of three of the people, at least, connected with our little comedy.

Eustace Medlicott woke more full of wrath than he had been the night before, and, the moment he was dressed, proceeded to make havoc with the peace of the Reverend Canon and Mrs. Ebley. He sent up an urgent summons that they would see him immediately. Having no sitting-room, he suggested the reading-room, which would be empty at this hour.

Aunt Caroline had experienced some misgivings herself at the Embassy about her niece's absence with the foreign count, who had risen to this distinctive appellation in her mind from "that dreadful man," but she had felt it more prudent not to comment upon her apprehensions to her niece. Eustace evidently had discovered further cause of resentment and feminine curiously assisted her to dress with greater rapidity than usual.

The pair entered the room with grave faces and took two uncomfortable chairs.

The Reverend Mr. Medlicott remained standing, and soon, from his commanding position, let them hear his version of the hated foreigner's communications. They were duly horrified and surprised, and then Mrs. Ebley bridled a little—after all, it was the behavior of her own niece upon which aspersion was being cast.

"I am certain, Eustace, the man must be mad—I assure you. Stella has not been for an instant absent from me, except yesterday morning she went to the Thermes Museum with Martha, whom you know has proved by twenty-five years of faithful service that she can be completely trusted, therefore the girl cannot have had any opportunity of conversing with this stranger until last night. It would be only fair to question her first"—

"My wife is quite right," Canon Ebley agreed. "We should listen to no more until Stella is here to defend herself. Let us send a message for her to descend at once."

He went and rang the bell as he spoke, and the summons to Miss Rawson was dispatched. Then the three somewhat uncomfortably tried to exchange platitudes upon indifferent subjects until the waiter returned.

Mademoiselle was very fatigued and was not yet up! Such an unheard of thing petrified them all with astonishment. Stella to be still in bed, at half past nine in the morning! The child must be ill!—or it was distinct rebellion. Mrs. Ebley prepared to go and investigate matters when another waiter entered with a note for Canon Ebley, and stood aside to receive the answer.

"Dear, dear!" said that gentleman to his wife, "I have not my glasses with me, I came down in such a hurry. Will you read it to me?"

But Mrs. Ebley was in a like plight, so they were obliged to enlist the services of Eustace Medlicott.

He knew the writing directly he glanced at it, and every move of his body stiffened with renewed anger. And it is to be feared he said to himself, "It is from that cursed man."

He read it aloud, and it was the briefest and most courteous note asking for the honor of an interview at whatever time would be most agreeable to Canon Ebley. The nature of the business to be discussed at it was not stated.

"I strongly advise you not to see the scoundrel," Mr. Medlicott said vehemently. "It is far better that we should all leave Rome immediately and avoid any chance of scandal."

"Before we can decide anything," Mrs. Ebley said decisively, "I must speak with my niece. If she is quite ignorant of this foreigner's ravings, then there will be no necessity to alter our trip—we can merely move to another hotel. The whole thing is most unpleasant and irritating and has quite upset me."

Stella, upstairs in her cosy bed, had meanwhile received another note from her lover. Full of tenderness and encouragement, it made her feel as bold as a young lioness and ready to brave any attack. That her aunt had not been to see why she was not dressed already was filling her with surprise, and making up my mind what I should say in my letter to Eustace to break off my engagement—I preferred not to come down until I had done so."

The Aunt Caroline could not believe her ears. She was obliged to sit down. Her emotion made her knees tremble. It was true then—something had been going on under her very eyes and she had not perceived it—the deceit and perfidy of human nature had always been a shock to her—

"You wish to break your engagement, Stella," she said, as soon as she could steady her voice. "But you cannot possibly do so scandalous a thing—and for what reason, pray?"

"I find I do not love Eustace," Stella answered calmly, although her heart now began to beat rapidly. "I know I never have loved him; it was only because I thought it would please you and Uncle Erasmus that I ever became engaged to him, and now that I know what love is—I mean now that the time is getting nearer, I feel that I cannot go through with it."

"There is something underneath all this, Stella," Mrs. Ebley said icily. "You cannot deceive me. You have been led astray, girl—it is wiser to confess at once and I will try to pardon you."

Stella's spirit rose—she raised her head proudly, then she remembered her lover's counsel to have no arguments whatsoever, and so she curbed her heated words and continued gently:

"I have not been led astray, Aunt Caroline, and there is nothing to pardon. I am twenty-one years old now and surely can judge for myself whether or no I wish to marry a man—and I have decided I do not intend to marry Eustace Medlicott. I almost feel I detest him."

Mrs. Ebley was petrified with anger and astonishment.

"I am sorry to tell you I cannot

"Words cannot express my pain and disgust at your conduct," Mrs. Ebley cried. "You will lay up for yourself a lifelong regret by refusing to marry Eustace Medlicott."

Copyright, 1918, by Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

me that I do not wish to annoy you, dear Aunt Caroline. I only wish to do what is right, and I know it is right to break off my engagement with Eustace Medlicott."

Mrs. Ebley felt her anger augmenting to boiling point, but nothing she could say had any effect upon her niece, who remained extremely respectful and gentle, but perfectly firm. Mrs. Ebley could not get her to tell her anything about her acquaintance with this dreadful foreigner. She became silent after she had refused point blank to discuss him. At last the baffled and exasperated older lady got up and fired her last shot.

"Words cannot express my pain and disgust at your conduct, Stella," she said. "Putting aside all the awful suspicions I have about this Russian, you will lay up for yourself a life-long regret in outraging all decency by refusing to marry that good and pure young clergyman, Eustace Medlicott."

"I have done nothing wrong, Aunt Caroline, please do not go away angry with me," Stella pleaded. "When Count Roumovski asks Uncle Erasmus's and your consent to his marrying me—then I will tell you everything about him—but now I do not wish to. Please forgive me for causing you pain—we shall all be very happy soon, and surely I have a right to my life like any other person."

Mrs. Ebley would not bandy further words; their points of view were too different.

"I regret that I am obliged to request you to keep your room and have no communication with anyone whatever until I can consult with your uncle and Eustace as to what is the best thing to do with you. That we shall leave Rome immediately you may be prepared for."

Stella here burst into tears. She had an affection for her aunt, who had always been kind to her in a way, and she knew that the present state of things could have arisen from merely last night at the Embassy."

At this stage of the proceedings, it being a public room, Count Roumovski entered it serenely and, coming toward the group, made a stiff bow to each in turn.

"I believe you have received my letter, sir," he said, addressing Canon Ebley, "but, as I have had no reply, I ventured to present myself without further delay"——

"We do not wish for any communication from you." Eustace Medlicott hastened to announce before either of the others could speak. "I have informed Canon and Mrs. Ebley of your disgraceful conduct and that is sufficient. We shall discuss nothing further."

"I was not addressing you, sir," Count Roumovski returned mildly. "My business with you terminated last night." And he turned his shoulders to the irate junior chaplain and loosed Canon Ebley straight in the face. "I am here to ask for the hand of your niece, Miss Rawson, as she is now free from other engagements, and with her full consent I desire to make her my wife."

"Come, Erasmus," Mrs. Ebley said with icy dignity. "Let us go up to our apartment and if this person annoys us further we can complain to the manager of the hotel," then, with an annihilating glance, she took her husband's arm and drew him toward the door.

"As you will, madame," and the Russian gentleman bowed with respectful serenity. "It would have been more sensible to have taken my request otherwise, but it is, after all, quite immaterial. I will wish you a good-day," and he bowed again as Canon Ebley and his outraged spouse sailed from the room—and, with an exclamation of suppressed fury, Eustace Medlicott followed in their wake.

Then Count Roumovski laughed softly to himself and, sitting down at a writing-table, wrote a letter to his beloved. His whole plan of life was simple and direct. He had done what he considered was necessary in the affair, he had behaved with perfect openness and honor in his demeanor, and if these people could not see the thing from a common sense point of view, they were no longer to be considered. He would take the law into his own hands.

When he had finished his note he went straight up in the lift to the corridor where Stella's room was and there saw in the distance her reading and discomfited late betrothed evidently keeping watch and ward. Count Roumovski did not hesitate a second; he advanced to the door and knocked firmly on the panel, slipping his letter through the little slide for such things before Mr. Medlicott could bound forward and prevent him.

"A letter for you, mademoiselle, from me, Sasha Roumovski," he said in French in a loud enough voice for the occupant of the room to hear, and then he stood still for a second, as both men heard Stella jump from her bed and rush to the door to take the missive before Martha from the place at the window could intercept it.

"Do not dare to touch that, Martha," they heard her voice say haughtily, and then she called out, "Sasha, I have it safe and I will do exactly as you direct."

Count Roumovski looked at Eustace Medlicott, who stood as a spread-eagle in front of the door—and then, smiling, went calmly on his way.

The Reverend Mr. Medlicott shook with burning rage. He was being made to look ridiculous and he was absolutely impotent to retaliate in any way. He would bring scandal upon them all if waiters and other guests saw him guarding Miss Rawson's actual door, and he could not sit outside like a valet; the whole thing was unspeakably maddening, and murderous thoughts flooded his brain.

"Give me that letter this minute, Stella," he said in an almost inarticulate voice through the keyhole, he was so shaken with passion. "Open the door and let Martha hand it to me. You are disgracing us all."

"It is you who are doing that, Eustace," Stella said from beyond the panel, lifting the slide that her voice might be heard distinctly. "You have no authority over me at all. I told Aunt Caroline I did not intend to continue my engagement with you—but even if I had not decided to break it off, this conduct of yours would now be sufficient reason. How dare you all treat me as though I were a naughty child or insane!"

"Because you are both," Mr. Medlicott returned, "and must be controlled and compelled into a proper behavior."

Stella was silent—she would not be so undignified as to parley further. She got back into bed, taking not the slightest notice of the maid, and then proceeded to read her letter.

Her lover had explained in it the situation and advised her to dress at once, and then if menaced in any way to ring the bell. Ivan would be waiting outside to obey her slightest orders, and to warn his master if any fresh moves were made, so that when the waiter or chambermaid came in answer to her summons she might be sure of extra help at hand. Then she was to walk out and down into the hall, where he, Sasha, would be watching for her and ready to take her to the Excelsior Hotel, where that same evening would arrive the Princess Urazov.

"But if they do not molest you, dearest," he wrote, "do not have your room until seven o'clock, because I wish my sister to be in the hall ready to receive you, so your family can see that I only desire to do everything right."

And as she finished reading, Stella got up and told Martha to prepare her things.

"I have no orders from Mrs. Ebley for that, Miss Stella," the woman answered sullenly. "I do wonder what has come over everybody. I never was in such an uncomfortable position in my life."

Stella made no answer, but proceeded to dress herself, and then sat down to read again the letters she had received in the last twenty-four hours.

If her family, who knew her, could treat her in this abominable way, when she had committed no fault except the very human one of desiring to be the arbiter of her own fate, she surely owed no further obedience to them. So she waited calmly for a fresh turn of events.

Her luncheon was brought up on a tray by the waiter, and some for Martha also, and the two ate in silence, until Stella suddenly burst into a merry peal of laughter, it was so grotesquely comic! A grown up English girl in these days locked in her room with a dragon duenna gaoler!

"Martha, isn't it too funny, the whole thing!" she said, between her gurgles. "Can't you laugh, you old goose! and to think how sorry you will be, you were so horrid, when I am gone, because, of course, you know you cannot keep me once I make up my mind to go."

"Mrs. Ebley said I was to have no conversation with you, Miss," Martha said, glumly, at which Stella laughed afresh.

(Copyright as "The Point of View," by D. Appleton & Co. and Ainslee Magazine Co.)

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

Health, Beauty And The Home

Conserving More Than Food

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

"CONSERVATION" is the popular watchword of the day. But that does not mean conservation only of food, especially in the home, but also the saving of metals, woodwork, fabrics and other articles which represent considerable investment to the homemaker. Not only is it necessary to save food supplies, but also to care for what we wear, and particularly those furnishings and equipment which make for our comfort and of which there is a present shortage due to war needs.

There is one kind of thrift which many more families should strive for, namely, care and proper upkeep of home furnishings. In far too many homes the moment a pot or a pan develops a hole or as soon as furniture needs repair or a fabric mending that is the signal to at once throw it away rather than take the pains to mend and restore it.

How many articles, all or part metal, are in all our homes, and yet how poorly do we sometimes treat them? Now, all metals are subject to attacks of rust which is really tarnish caused by moisture. This rust scales off constantly and a new surface of the metal is exposed, which finally eats away the metal itself. Any oil or preparation containing oil, such as paint, paraffin, kerosene, etc., should be used to coat and wipe metal articles and thus prevent rust.

In the Fall is just the time for the thrifty housekeeper to start on a "repair campaign." The radiators should have a coating of metallic paint. The oil stove or heater may have a coat of black so-called stove-pipe paint, as may also grates, fire andirons, stovepipes and other similar metal parts. Too often such parts are allowed to rust and quickly disintegrate when a coat of paint would have increased their use by several years. The gratings of the hot-air furnace and any metal grillwork such as is sometimes found on a sewing machine need similar treatment to prolong their service. One neat woman used silver radiator paint on her garbage bucket outside and in before she used it at all, thus greatly protecting it as well as making it attractive.

Many small shelves may also be made more sanitary and easy to clean by a coat of durable enamel. Pantry shelves seem most neat and easy to wipe when so painted instead of covered with mussy papers. The medicine shelves, linen shelves and others are greatly improved by such treatment.

The war, with its greatly increased demand for metals, has forced a shortage of the aluminum, steel, etc., used to make household equipment. It is, therefore, important that the housewife take the best care of her present stock of cooking utensils in order not to make unnecessary demands on the manufacturers.

If a small hole develops in a pot use one of the little rivets with a washer between, which can be secured in small boxes for a dime. This will make the pot perfectly watertight, and is especially useful on dishpans, coffee pots and boilers which have become leaky, as well as for replacing knobs which have become loose.

One chief contributing cause for enamelware failing to wear well is that some women persist in the wrong practice of using washing soda to clean it. Washing soda is a strong alkali and eats literally into the porcelain surface with which the enamelware is coated, and thus unnecessarily wears out the pot or pan. Its use should be entirely avoided for this purpose. A good scouring at frequent intervals with a metal paste, such as rotten stone mixed with oil, will clean steel, iron, brass, copper and aluminum. All copper or brass articles should be polished with oil after they are cleaned to prevent their tarnishing quickly again.

A place where washing-soda does come in handy is in the cleaning of the metal parts of a lamp burner. The burner may be boiled in a strong soda solution, then rinsed and dried on top of a hot stove. Clean burners will give much better light.

Many articles of wicker, such as chairs, waste-baskets, etc., start to break or have the fine cane unravel from the foundation woodwork. It will take but a moment in the beginning to repair such breaks either with raffia or twine or a bit of adhesive tape. Wicker that is painted breaks less easily.

Adhesive tape, by the way, may be said to be the universal mender. Countless uses can be found for it. A small piece of it will bind the back of a book, mend a bit of broken crockery, repair the children's playthings, etc.

Even real wood furniture may be repaired and renovated at home with care and pains. Spots on wood may be removed by rubbing with boiled linseed oil mixed with one-eighth part of alcohol. Repeat the rubbings frequently, using a clean, soft rag each time. An excellent furniture polish is a mixture of alcohol, olive oil and pure cider vinegar in equal quantities. It must be shaken well before using. Persistent rubbings with it will remove the spots left on tables by hot dishes, etc.

In a great many cases a few tacks, a little glue and a few strokes of a hammer will save an article from the junk heap. Often the seat of an upholstered chair begins to sag and the canvas straps which support the padding become too loose. It takes but a few minutes to adjust and tack the straps in the beginning, but the whole bottom will become loose if allowed to go unrepaired. Similarly with couches, baby buggies and other articles which perhaps need only an hour's work with hammer and paint brush to transform them from dilapidated furnishings ready to be thrown out into good-as-new articles which will give much further service.

Far too frequently we do not save clothing and furnishings, because, to tell the truth, we have cared for them so badly that they are not worth saving. Before we can learn to be saving we must first learn to be careful. And this means taking spots out of articles of clothing, pressing them, hanging them neatly, etc. It means cleaning the rug, mending its torn fringe and seeing that no insects destroy it. It means oiling equipment and keeping it free from rust.

No one thing is so generally overlooked as the proper care of household equipment. Too many housekeepers do not take the trouble to loosen the screws of the wringer so that the rolls will be free when it is not in use. Nor do they clean their carpet-sweepers and oil the bearings of their sewing machines, washers or other labor-saving devices as often as they should.

If we are to become a thrifty nation someone had better start an educational plan to teach children thrift, as well as now, at the last minute, try to educate fathers and mothers. If Tommy doesn't learn to clean his shoes and oil his bicycle, and if Susies doesn't learn to mend her torn skirt and broken dolly, there isn't much chance that the next generation will be as economical as it ought to be.

Miss Marion Davies, One of the Great Beauties of Modern Times, in a Photograph Specially Posed at Campbell Studio.

"War-Time" Menus for the Week

Arranged Especially for This Newspaper by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Stewed Fruit	Oatmeal,	Fruit,	Baked Prunes,	Stewed Apples,	Oatmeal with	Oranges, Cereal,
Potato Omelet,	Poached Eggs	Broiled Bacon,	Codfish Cakes,	Cereal,	Raisins,	Poached Eggs,
Muffins,	on Toast,	Corn Muffins,	Cereal Muffins,	Cream Sauce	Graham Gems,	Coffee.
Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Omelet,	Coffee.	*Dinner*
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	Chicken in
Oyster Stew,	Spinach Soup,	Sliced Tongue	Lima Beans in	*Luncheon*	Boston	Casserole with
Toast,	Croutons,	with	Casserole,	Escalloped	Baked Beans,	Cream Gravy,
Lettuce Salad,	Italian Spaghetti,	Spanish Sauce,	Tomato	Cauliflower	Boston	Mashed Potatoes,
Tea.	Tea.	Steamed Rice,	Jelly Salad,	with Cheese,	Brown Bread,	String Beans,
Dinner	*Dinner*	Cookies, Tea.	Toasted Jelly	Jellied	Tea.	Spiced Pears,
Boiled Tongue,	Fillets of	*Dinner*	Sandwiches.	Fruit Salad.	*Dinner*	Chocolate Corn
Spinach,	Flounder,	Onion Soup,	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	Broiled	Starch Pudding,
Browned	Tomato Sauce,	Pot Roast,	Beef Stew,	Salmon	Meat Balls,	Coffee.
Potatoes,	Creamed	Browned	Rice Flour	Loaf with	Steamed Rice,	*Supper*
Combination	Potatoes,	Potatoes,	Dumplings,	Creamed Peas,	Brown Gravy,	Chicken Broth,
Salad,	Dressed Lettuce,	Sliced Bananas,	Peach Blanc	Pineapple Salad,	Apple Sauce,	Toast Sticks,
Apple Cake,	Custard Sauce,	and Oranges,	Mange.	French Dressing,	Canned	One-Egg Cake.
Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Apricot Cake.	Cocoa.

Beauty Questions Answered

By Mme. Lina Cavalieri,

The Most Famous Living Beauty.

I AM going to wear a fancy dress costume that calls for snow-white hair. Can you tell me how to secure this?—FRANCES D.

Here is an agreeable powder for whitening the hair a la Martha Washington, and one that cannot harm the hair in any way. Mix thoroughly and pass through a sieve in the following proportions:

Cornstarch	½ pound
Orris root	½ ounce
Oil of bergamot	5 drops

HOW can I remove the lines behind my ears? I am told they show my age more certainly than anything else. —PAULINE F.

The best way to remove these insidious little lines behind the ears is to massage them upward toward the hair, using the third fingers which have been dipped into this mixture:

Tincture of benzoin	1 ounce
Tincture of vanilla	4 drams
Sweet almond oil	3 ounces
Bitter almond oil	1 dram
Sapmacetti	5 drams
White wax	5 drams
Lanolin	1 ounce
Witch hazel	1 ounce
Rosewater	3 ounces

DO you know of anything that will keep an oily nose from looking so shiny? I powder it many times during the day, but that doesn't seem to help.—J. M.

Perhaps you are not using the right kind of powder for this purpose. Try dusting your nose about twice a day with this:

Bicarbonate of soda	2 ounces
Pulverized orris root	1 ounce
Pulverized spermaceti	1 dram

Mix thoroughly and keep in a dry place.

WON'T you please recommend a good tooth powder?—H. H. S.

One of my own favorite powders is made up for me according to this formula:

Carbonate of magnesia, powdered	3 ounces
Powdered orris root	1 ounce
Powdered sugar	1 ounce
Castile soap	½ ounce
Powdered precipitate of chalk	10 ounces
Oil of roses	25 drops
Oil of lemon	5 drops
Oil of wintergreen	5 drops
Tannin	15 drops

I ALWAYS brush my hair thoroughly once a week. Do you think this is often enough? I am very proud of my hair and want to keep it in good condition.—C. B.

You should never retire without brushing your hair. Because the hair, especially in the city, is a dust trap, and no dainty woman ought to retire without first removing the dust from her hair. The brush tells its own story of the day's accumulation of dust, if you take the trouble to examine it. After brushing the hair, loosen the skin from the scalp by slow, firm massage, pressing the skin toward the crown.

PLEASE recommend a good astringent cream that both bleaches and softens the skin.—MARIE.

I can strongly advise almond milk for a complexion emollient and bleach. Here is a simple formula which I often use:

Almond milk from crushed almonds	50
Rose water	1 pint

If the mixture is not smooth, it should be strained through a cheesecloth before using. In this form it is softening and whitening. With the addition of ½ ounce of alum it is strongly astringent besides.

I AM very fond of a good perfume, but do not like the effect left by a hit-or-miss application upon the hair or the clothing. What would you suggest?—E. E. S.

Many dainty and discriminating women are coming more and more to rely upon perfumes used after the bath, because they are then absorbed directly into the skin. Here is one that leaves a most delightful odor as well as being an invigorating tonic:

Rosemary	6 ounces
Finely powdered orange peel	½ ounce
Thyme	½ ounce
Rosewater	1 pint
Spirits of wine	1 quart

I MASSAGE my face every morning, but lately it seems to become over-heated and looks feverish afterward. This lasts for two hours or more. What should I do for it?—JANICE.

Here is a deliciously cooling and refreshing lotion which you can dash over your face after the morning massage:

Extract of violet	350 grams
Extract of rose	35 grams
Tincture of orris	80 grams

If you do not care for a lotion, then you may find that a powder puff fluffed daintily over the face, after being dipped in rice powder, is sufficient.

Blackheads *are a confession*

Blackheads are a confession that you are using the wrong method of cleansing for your type of skin.

Try the treatment given here and see how easily you can keep your skin free from this disfiguring trouble.

Apply hot wet cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash cloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a *lump of ice*. Dry the skin carefully.

Do not expect to get the desired results by using this treatment for a time and then neglecting it. But make it a daily habit and it *will* give you the clear, attractive skin that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the wash cloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads. Thereafter, use Woodbury's Facial Soap in your daily toilet.

See how lovely your skin can be

Get your first cake of Woodbury's today. Begin now to overcome whatever condition is keeping your skin from being as lovely as it *should be*.

Blackheads, conspicuous nose pores, oily skin and shiny nose, blemishes, a sluggish, sallow skin—treatments for these and others of the commoner skin troubles are given in the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch" which comes wrapped around the soap.

You will find a 25c cake sufficient for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury treatment and for general cleansing use during this time.

Get a cake today. It is on sale at all drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada. The Andrew Jergens Company, Cincinnati, New York and Perth, Ontario.

INSTANT BEAUTY

"Both were young and one was beautiful." His eyes followed one, lingering on the smooth velvet of her cheek, the warm color, his senses delighting in the elusive fragrance that floated near. The other was forgotten, yet she, too, was young.

"How can I acquire it now—*today*—a soft white skin with rich color glowing in the cheeks?" The answer is Pompeian. First apply Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). Now apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, then a touch of Pompeian BLOOM. Beauty is yours at once, and with a fragrance which captivates the senses. These products guaranteed pure and safe by the makers of the famous Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, NIGHT Cream and HAIR Massage.

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder—It adds a pearly clearness to the skin and stays on unusually long. A delighting fragrance. White, brunette and flesh. Pure and harmless. 50c boxes at the druggists.

Pompeian DAY Cream—Vanishing. It gives a velvety skin. Good powder foundation. Daintily perfumed. 50c at the druggists.

Pompeian BLOOM—A rouge that adds the final touch of youthful bloom. Do you know that a touch of color in the cheeks beautifies the eyes, making them darker and more lustrous? Made in a cake that won't break, with vanity mirror and French puff. Comes in three shades, light, dark and medium (the most popular). 50c at the druggists.

SPECIAL HALF-BOX OFFER

(Positively only one to a family)

To one person only in a family we will send a box of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder (containing exactly one-half regular 50c package) and samples of DAY Cream and BLOOM for only two dimes.

POMPEIAN CO., 2116 Superior Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Stamps accepted, coins preferred

POMPEIAN CO.,
2116 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: Enclosed find two dimes, for which send me your special powder offer. The members of my family use powder like so:

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Flesh shade used unless white or brunette requested.

Copyright, 1918, by Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

The Fires of Hate — By Rose Henderson

BELOW were the gray depths that lay slumbering and mysterious beyond the cliff's ragged edge. Above was the clear, calm, interminable blue. Cuma Ventura crouched in the warm sand, leaning her head against the rough rock at her side. Behind her were thick short cactus bushes growing in scattered clumps, and back of these the sides of the mountain rose, steep, jagged and barren. The rock was warm against her cheek though the sun was an hour below the Gaudaloupe peaks and the cactus shadows were growing darker on the long slopes. The air seemed heavy with silence. No bird sang. A vine gerone clipped under a stone at the edge of the cliff.

The girl sat quietly, her head bowed. The heavy, dark braids were bound with bands of glittering beads. Away in the distance sounded the faint tinkle of sheep-bells and the dull barking of a dog. At these sounds the girl raised her head. She snatched from her neck a small round locket, stared at the trinket a moment as it lay in her hand, and then flung it over the cliff into the chasm below. Her slim brown face was flushed; her eyes were large with pain, but there were no tears in them.

"So it meant not anything to him —not anything," she muttered. The truth was slowly becoming real to her, and it came with the weight of death itself. It was hard to believe after the beautiful dreams—so hard. There would be nothing more to be happy about. She would have to marry Petro as her father wished. Duro, her pony, and the new saddle would be his. He would beat the little Duro when he was drunk, and her, too, he would beat her, of course, when he was jealous and angry.

At the thought of the ugly Mexican suitor her face broke into quick angry frowns. She pulled her long braids over her shoulders. Pierre had patted them once as she rode behind him and she had blushed foolishly. She hated herself for those blushes. And when his hand had chanced to touch hers on the saddle-horn, or when he had leaned over her, helping her to read the English books, she had trembled with a new and delicious joy.

She had taught him to know the desert and the mountains. He was often reckless in his ignorance. Once with her lips she had drawn the blood from a rattlesnake bite on his arm, and Pierre had called her a brave little nurse. They had ridden for hours, for days together under the open sky. Often they had sat here among the rocks before the cliff. He had called it "the edge of the world." Once when she stood very near the perilous brink he had caught her back suddenly, tenderly, and her head had rested for a moment on his shoulder. Together they had felt the twilight come.

She had listened to his talk of his own people, of the cold Winters, the snow, the sleighing and the strange, noisy cities. She had listened with her heart beating fast, her eyes upon his face and her ears filled with the music of his voice. They had seen the stars come into the deep dark sky and had watched the blue and purple shadows that cling along the "edge of the world" after sunset. Once a mountain lion had crept upon them and Pierre had shot the creature with her gun. He was careless about weapons himself, and often went unarmed even after nightfall.

Then he had gone away. His letter came explaining his hasty leaving. He would come back soon. How she crept over the letter and the desolate loneliness that came with his absence. But he would come back, and she waited. She had borne her father's drunken scolding and Petro's hateful presence, and she had been happy through it all. Now the thought of her happiness was more bitter than the memory of her misery. He had come back and it meant nothing to him. He had played with her and then cast her aside, as she would gather a yellow poppy in the mountains and throw it away, thirsty and helpless, on the hot sand. The girl's breast heaved, her eyes glowed, little points of light scintillating in their still depths. She knitted her low dark brows and pulled the small silver-handled knife from her belt.

"He shall not go back," she said, softly. Her fingers stole along the sharp blade, testing its keen edge, and her lips parted in a cunning smile. It was the kind of smile that flashed across old Diego's heavy lips when he was not drunk enough to be stupid and not sober enough to be lazy. Cuma had hated her father for that smile. Once he had stabbed a half-breed cow-puncher because the man refused to trade ponies with him, and Cuma watched the wretch reel from his saddle, cursing. She had forgotten the ugly horror of it now and remembered only the quick, soft thrust of the knife.

"He shall not go," she repeated. She sprang to her feet with a swift, easy grace. She was strong and supple and closely knit. Her slender, rounded figure was as full of life as an antelope's. It was this abounding vigor that had attracted the man she had grown to love. It had hold him in spite of the difference in their breeding. Sometimes its grip was stronger than the call of generations of civilization and environment. She was so simply and so wholly a woman. And her mind was ready and eager to follow his.

Sometimes he had wondered if she might not learn his way of life, but that was only when he had grown delirious with the sense of her. When he had weighed the matter in sobered moments he knew that this was impossible, that it would mean his coming to her level in the end.

Upon his return to the plains he had steeled his heart against her and she had felt the change in her first keen look. The desert wildness had not robbed her of the subtle intuitions of her sex. He did not see the fires of her hate. She hid them under the heavy-lashed eyelids, and she sifted the hot pain in her breast. But the fires of hate were burning and the pain in her breast was not dead. Twilight was creeping up the long valley and the girl's figure was blurred against the dull background.

"He shall not go," she said again, and gazed over the edge of the cliff where the tiny gold locket had gone.

Then suddenly she stood erect listening. There was the quick, soft steps of padded feet among the cactus bushes, a rustle, and a low growl that sent a chill through the girl's warm veins. She sprang to her feet, lithe, quick-eyed and alert. There was no mistaking the sound. It was a panther. She felt in anticipation the sudden crushing of mouth and claws upon her, and every muscle was nerved for resistance. But the beast seemed to be parrying an assault, and she peered into the cactus jungle at her back.

Through the branches of a dwarf sagaura she caught sight of a long, tense body crouched close above the ground. She watched it stealthily out of the tail of her eye. It was creeping forward with a sneaking, cat-like movement, but it was not coming directly toward her. The girl's head turned, following the animal's advance, but her body was still like the stiff, motionless cactus beside her. Her fingers tightened their grip on the knife and the breath came noiselessly through her parted lips. In a flash her mind took in every detail of the situation, the yawning chasm a few feet in front of her, the ragged mountain at her back and the crouching beast advancing stealthily over the sand. All the fierceness and cunning of the desert-born animal was reflected in the tense suppleness of her pose.

Only one thing puzzled her, and that was the direction of the panther's advance. She was losing the yellow form in the deeper bushes at her back. Suddenly there was a scuffling and snapping in the shadows, a man's low curse and the ripping of the panther's claws against coarse clothing. In a moment two bodies rolled struggling on the ground beside the girl. She saw the man's arms tense and knotted against the beast's shaggy breast. She saw his brown hair.

"Pierre, Pierre," she cried, breathlessly. He, too, had been lingering at the old trysting place.

The claws were buried in the man's shoulder, the grinding mouth was reaching for his throat, but the brown arms with their rigid muscles held the creature back. The man's strength was being tested to the uttermost. His body swayed above the brute's. His hands clutched the straining neck. They came nearer, almost against the girl's feet. She saw the man's arms bloody with cuts and scratches, his face white, his teeth set; she could hear his hoarse breathing. As they turned toward her she plunged the knife into the panther's taut, yellow throat.

The angered beast whirled about suddenly, dropped the man's shoulders and sprang upon his new enemy. The girl crumpled under his weight, the knife fell, her hands clutched blindly at the open jaws. The man jumped to his feet. The panther leaped forward against the girl's body, and the two, struggling together, lurched over the cliff's edge and disappeared. The man flung himself on the ground and calling wildly, leaned over the inscrutable depths.

But the girl did not answer. Her last glimpse of the world was a confused blurr, the jagged cliff's edge and the sky's dull crimson whirling madly, and then the blue and purple depths rushing upward as her feet left the earth. And on the sand at the rock's edge the silver-handled knife lay dusty and blood stained.

(Copyright, Shortstory Pub. Co.)

La-may Face Powder Stays On Better Than Any Other

Now you can use a poor face powder that beautifies your complexion wonderfully and is guaranteed not to injure the most delicate baby skin. And it really stays on better than any other face powder. It does not contain white lead or starchy rice powder (Poudre de Riz) to make it stick. White lead poisons the skin and rice powder turns into a gluey paste that encourages enlarged pores, blackheads and rice powder pimples. The specialist who makes this improved powder uses a medicinal ingredient that doctors use to heal the skin. In fact, this new powder helps to prevent and reduce enlarged pores and pimples. It is also astringent, discourages fatiniess, crows' feet and wrinkles. Because it is pure and because it stays on so well this La-may powder (French Poudre L'Amé) is now used by over a million American women. The large size is only fifty cents, and the trial size is twenty-five cents. Remember, La-may is guaranteed. If you do not find La-may much better than any you have ever used, your dealer is authorized to return your money without question. Refuse substitutes. Your common sense will tell you that when you are offered a substitute it is more to be a demonstrator trying to sell an inferior powder that pays a big commission. When you use this absolutely pure La-may and see how splendidly it beautifies your complexion, you will understand why it so quickly became the most popular beauty powder sold in New York.

TAKE HAIR OUT NOT OFF THE SKIN

Hair is bound to grow out coarser and stiffer when merely removed from the surface of the skin. The only common-sense way to remove hair is to attack it under the skin. DeMiracle, the original sanitary liquid, does this by absorption.

Only genuine DeMiracle has a money-back guarantee in each package. Large costumers in 60c, $1 and $2 sizes, or by mail from us in plain wrapper on receipt of price.

FREE book mailed in plain sealed envelope on request. DeMiracle, 126th St. and Park Ave., New York.

Wish I Could Knit Dollars

You Can—and right in your own home, too. It is easy making money—every days knitting for the home trade or for us—with—

The Auto Knitter

No experience necessary—the operation is easily learned. Sits on any table. Does the work of about twenty hand knitters. Always a good demand for hosiery and woolen goods, and now you can have the added satisfaction of helping the boys "over there."

If you will consider spending part of your time in a profitable, fascinating employment, send at once for our free booklet and full particulars. Address

State Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc., Dept. 105 B, Jefferson St., Buffalo, N.Y.

"I would not part with it for $10,000"

So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it. Conserve your body and life first.

The Natural Body Brace

Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of WOMEN AND MEN. Develops erect, graceful figure.

For Children Also

Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health, strength.

Wear It 30 Days Free at Our Expense

Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and Bust; relieves backache, curvature, nervousness, ruptures, constipation. Comfortable and easy to wear. **Keep Yourself Fit.**

Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc.; read our liberal proposition.

Howard C. Rash, Pres. Natural Body Brace Co. 1176 Rash Building Salina, Kansas

FREE For 10 Days Wear

No. 1. Solid gold Ring, set with genuine Blue White Gem stone to wear for 10 days. If you can tell it from a diamond, send it back.

No. 2. Solid gold Ring, set with genuine Blue White Gem stone, hand engraved guaranteed genuine 14K solid gold. Send 2 cents for it.

No. 3. Solid gold Ring, set with genuine Blue White Gem stone, hand engraved gypsy ring. Send 2 cents for it.

In sending, send strip of paper fitting around second joint of finger to be measured. Send no money. Write for free catalog. $12.50, in and for either ring. Otherwise return the ring within ten days and we will refund any amount paid. This offer is limited. Send while this lasts.

The Vitrite Gem Co., Dept. 306 Chicago, Ill.

Charming Faces

Your mirror reflects beauty's story. Be surprised with the unsurpassing loveliness Carmen Powder gives—and it does not show powder.

CARMEN COMPLEXION POWDER

has won it's way to so many beautiful faces because it stays on like none other can—it clasps the neck and adheres. Know this added charm.

White, Cream, Flesh, Pink—10c Everywhere

MARINELLO Tar-Tonic

A new Preparation. Amazing results. Checks hair from falling. Quickly stops falling hair. Eliminates dandruff, prevents dandruff. Reduces oily condition. Encourages growth. Insures abundance of lustrous, healthy, heavy hair.

At Department Stores, Drug Stores, Marinello Salons. Liberal Sample of Marinello Preparations for five 2-ct. stamps. Marinello Company, Chicago, Ill.

Why Should YOU Have Gray Hair?

"Remember how dull and lifeless my hair was—and mixed with gray? See how live, vigorous and silky it is now—and not a gray hair in it. All I used was Kolor-Bak. No, it's not a dye or a stain. It is colorless, stainless, harmless and restores color to gray hair simply by putting the hair and scalp in healthy condition. It also prevents my hair from falling out and keeps my scalp free from dandruff and itching. You will be happy if you try it too and see what wonderful 'life' and beauty it will put into your hair."

Kolor-Bak is positively guaranteed to bring the desired results or you pay nothing for the treatment.

Send for special trial offer and the Free Book on Hair which tells the causes of gray and diseased hair and explains how Kolor-Bak restores its vigor and beauty. Send post card to

Kolor-Bak Products Company 68 W. Washington St. Dept. 1131 Chicago

Sunday American-Examiner Patterns

A SPLENDID STYLE FOR CONSERVATION (2658). The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 3⅞ yards of 54-inch material.

A NEAT LITTLE DRESS FOR SCHOOL OR GENERAL WEAR (2665). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3¼ yards of 44-inch material.

A SERVICEABLE COSTUME (2655). The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5¼ yards of 44-inch material.

AN IDEAL BED SUIT (2662). The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 will require 3⅝ yards of 36-inch material.

A GOOD MODEL FOR MATURE FIGURES (2647). The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5¼ yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size. Chimsette will require ⅝ yard.

A NEW AND STYLISH SKIRT (2644). The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 4¾ yards of 36-inch material.

A SIMPLE FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL (2651). The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 3¼ yard of 44-inch material.

To obtain any one of these desirable patterns fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 10c in silver or stamps for EACH pattern (each number represents 1 pattern) to

SUNDAY PATTERNS,
P. O. Box No. 260,
City Hall Station,
New York, N. Y.

IMPORTANT—Be Sure to Fill In Name, Address and Size.

SUNDAY AMERICAN-EXAMINER PATTERNS,
10c EACH.

No. 2644 Waist... No. 2659 Bust...
No. 2647 Bust... No. 2662 Years...
No. 2651 Years... No. 2665 Years...
No. 2655 Bust...

Name .....
Street and Number .....
City and State .....

Send 10c in silver or stamps for our up-to-date Fall and Winter 1918-1919 catalogue.

GIRLS! BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR WITH "DANDERINE"

Get a Small Bottle! Freshen Your Scalp! Stop Falling Hair! Remove Dandruff! Grow Lots of Wavy, Glossy, Beautiful Hair—You Can!

If you care for heavy hair, that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine.

Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff; you cannot have nice, heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots famish, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast.

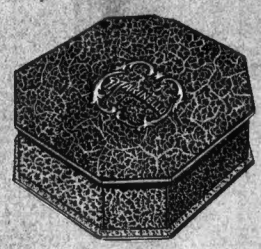
If your hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy or too oily, get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine at any drug store or toilet counter for a few cents; apply a little as directed and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment you ever made.

We sincerely believe, regardless of everything else advertised, that if you desire soft, lustrous, beautiful hair and lots of it—no dandruff—no itching scalp and no more falling hair—you must use Knowlton's Danderine if eventually—why not now?

Copyright, 1918, by Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Nurses the Skin back to Perfect Health and Beauty

MARINELLO FACE POWDER



The positive proof of the superiority of Marinello Face Powder is found in the fact that this famous beautifier is employed in 3,000 Marinello Beauty Shops—that it is the prime favorite of the world's professional cosmeticians—that it best satisfies those who are *hardest to satisfy*.

It *is* different—finer grained—more natural in tint—more difficult to detect. Clings closer to the skin. Easily spread. Perfumed with an exquisite fragrance that never loses its charm. A box 60c at Drug Stores—Department Stores—Marinello Shops—or direct from us.

TRAVELERS' TRIAL PACKAGE

Most valuable Gift Package ever offered. Contains six liberal samples of the most effective of all beauty aids—Marinello Motor Cream, Rose Leaf Cream, Lettuce Cream, Phantom Powder Rouge, Vanitab, Marinello Face Powder and booklet of beauty helps—for five three-cent stamps. Use coupon now—supply is limited.

MARINELLO CO., Mallers Bldg., Chicago

Marinello Co.,
Mallers Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.:

Kindly send me a Marinello Travelers' Trial Package. Five 3c stamps enclosed.

Your name .....

City..... *State*.....